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Old Dartmouth
Historical Society



GIFT OF

Edward Barger

NBW 1342

From Clearfield County, Pennsylvania, to
Repulse Bay on the Bark Monticello.

A Clearfield County Boy in the North Pole
Country in Search of Whales and Adventure.

By E. D. Gilliland, Pottersdale, Pa.

Wanted—Twenty-five able and ordinary Seamen
and Landsmen to go on a voyage of eighteen
months to Hudsons and Repulse Bay, whaling in the
Bark Monticello, owned by Williams & Haven, New London,
Conn., vessel to sail June 20th, 1864. For further partic-
ulars apply to W. L. Pearl, Shipping Agent, No. 8 Walnut
St., Philadelphia, Pa. up stairs.

The above advertisement appeared in the
Philadelphia Age, in March or April, 1864, and
interested me at once, for in my history and ge-
ography lessons at school I had spent hours in read-
ing of the adventures and looking at the pictures
of boats capturing and ship's crews cutting in
whales that it became my dream to be a whalerman.
I was not satisfied with the knowledge gained
by reading, but wished for experimental
knowledge. I cut out the advertisement for fu-
ture use. My father was very kind and ever
solicitous in everything pertaining to the welfare
of his children and would have granted any.

reasonable request, but I knew that it would not be of any use for me to ask his consent to go to sea.

My older brothers had already left home to carve out their own fortunes in the wide world, and I was left with a younger brother to work the few acres of river bottom land we farmed on the West Branch of the Susquehanna, my father having but one limb, was unable to do any manual labor, and my duty was to stay at home; but between inclination on the one hand and duty on the other there was a severe struggle. Matters went on till the spring crops were all in and corn worked for the last time, when I asked my parents' consent to visit relatives in Penn's Valley, Centre county. It was readily given and I left my kind parents and pleasant home on a beautiful June day with the declared intention of visiting relatives, but inclination had won over duty and I was deliberately deceiving my parents and friends, for eighteen months passed before I again saw them. The advertisement that heads this narrative I had carefully put away.

with about \$25-I had earned rafting, for this purpose. My brother Robert ferried me across the river, and as he bid me good bye said "be sure and be home for the Fourth of July." My answer was "all right, Rob., I will be about on the 4th," I turned my back upon home and kindred and never shall I forget the feeling with which I left that river side; it was a struggle between conscience and duty on the one side and inclinable thirst for adventure on the other. I walked to Snow Shoe and bought a ticket to Milesburg, Pa., from where I procured a through ticket to Philadelphia, for which I paid \$7.85- When I entered the cars and the long journey began, I then wondered if I would ever return; my thoughts became very gloomy; I firmly believe if I could have recalled the amount I had paid for my ticket at that moment, I would never have seen Greenland's icy shore, but as we proceeded up the Bald Eagle Valley and the view was ever changing I became interested and

despondency was replaced by contentment.

Tyrone was reached at 6 o'clock, where I remained over night, as I did not want to reach Philadelphia in the night time. Next morning I took the first train for the City of Brotherly Love. This was the longest ride I had ever taken in the cars, and as we coursed along the Blue Juniata, through Huntingdon and Lewisburg, then through Harrisburg and the beautiful Lancaster Valley with its fields of ripening grain and green corn, and the beautiful farm buildings on either side as far as the eye could reach was a grand sight and to be appreciated must be seen. Then we coursed on through the beautiful city of Lancaster, on the outskirts of which is seen "Wheatland," the home of James Buchanan, ex-President of the U. S., which stands in full view of the railroad. The grounds are beautiful with shrubbery and statuary. Our train arrived at 32d and Market streets, Phila., on time, and I was immediately surrounded by cab drivers of every description. I think they

noticed hayseed in my hair as three or four had hold of me and my grip at once, and offered to take me anywhere in the city for only \$2.00. As I was not inclined to buy their outfit they finally pounced on some larger game and let me go. Finally an old grizzled citizen of African descent approached and said: "Say boss, where do you want to go?" I told him No. 8 Walnut street. "All right, boss, I'll put you dar for \$1. My cabby not so high-toned as some, but you will get dar all de same". He took me in tow through the throng out to the curb, and I saw at a glance that he had spoken the truth about his outfit. Two horses that looked like Barker Almanac pictures and a cab that had been made up of odds and ends, simply indisputable he opened the door, chucked in my grip and told me to enter, and as I hesitated he said "dat rig is all right, boss, an' if I don't get you dar safe no pay." I concluded to get in if it took me a week to get there. We started off very slowly, but as the animals warmed up to their work the speed increased. But suddenly we

came to a halt. The driver dismounted and opened the door saying "Here you are boss No. 8 Walnut."

Before me in gilt letters was No. 8 over an open hall door, and as my advertisement read "upstairs" I at once started to find the office. After ascending to the second story the first door to the right bore this inscription: "Shipping office of H.C. Pearl, Room No. 4. Inquire within." I had reached the goal. Here before me was the place I had dreamed about by night and studied about by day for two months or more and traveled about three hundred miles to find; would they accept or reject me? All this flashed across my memory in an instant. I tried the door, it opened; there was but one occupant who sat facing the door writing. He arose and asked me to be seated. I asked if I was addressing Mr. Pearl; he answered that Mr. Pearl was at the main office in New York, and this branch office was presided over by himself. "Do you want to enter the U. S. Navy, the merchant marine or ship on a whaler; if you do we want men and boys not under 16 years old. How old are you?" I replied that I was about 17.

Says he we want men for the navy, and if you are sound and will pass a medical examination you will get a bounty of \$400 as soon as you are sworn into the service, besides a monthly pay according to your grade, commencing with Landsman at \$13 per month, rations, medical service and a certain amount of clothing free. In the merchant service we want men badly, and wages paid are higher, but you have everything to find except your board. In the whaling service we want men and boys, some to go on voyages to the other side of land.

Which means around Cape Horn into the Pacific ocean via Honolulu and Sandwich Islands. These voyages last for three years and you are shipped upon a lay that means you receive a certain share of the oil taken by the ship; and if the ship is lucky and fills, your wages are in proportion.

We also ship men for sperm whaling voyages of about six months. As sperm whales are not found in cold regions these voyages are in the tropical seas and only in the summer months. Lastly we ship men to go on whaling voyages

to Greenland, Hudson's Bay and Cumberland Inlet.

These voyages last for 18 months. You winter in that frozen region as the whale they take there are only found in cold icy seas, and the season for catching them is so short that vessels go prepared for wintering. Now, young man, I have given you a short description of what are the different branches of a sailor's life, you can take your choice. The above description was given without a halt.

A good book agent was lost to the publishers who advertise a man's life for sale like they had Mr. Blaine's, before his death. My answer was that I had come from the backwoods of Pennsylvania to ship on the Bark Monticello if the crew was not yet full.

He said it was not; that on account of the war men to go to sea were very scarce. "In what capacity can you go? Able seamen get double the pay of ordinary seamen, and ordinary get double that of Landmen. If you have never been to sea we will ship you as Landman. He drew up papers which I signed agreeing to go of my own free will with their authorized agent to the office of Williams and Havens, New London, Ct.

There to be enrolled as a member of the Monticelli's crew, and that all expenses for fare and board from this date to the time of our arrival was to be paid by D. L. Teast, or his agents. He informed me that he had sent some men to the main office the day before and the runner who had charge of them would be back on next train. About noon he arrived and we all went to a restaurant on Front street for dinner. I was then told that I could go to any place of interest about the city, but report at the office at 6 o'clock. I visited the old State House and saw the old bell that on July 4, 1776, proclaimed to all the world that the United States were forever free and independent of Great Britain. After visiting several of the public squares I repaired to the wharves and took a view of the shipping. The Delaware river was a puzzle to me, being from an inland part of the State, I then knew nothing of the ebb and flow of tides, and here everything appeared to run against the current, in fact, up stream. I asked

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a few questions and found out about the tides ebbing and flowing at Philadelphia, which is 90 miles from the ocean. It takes it seven hours to run up the river against the current but runs out in five hours, making a change every twelve hours from flood to flood. I was still an interested spectator, always seeing something new, when I saw by the sun it was time to report at the office, which I found without any difficulty. Another recruit had been procured during my absence. After supper we were informed that we would be taken to the New York office that night, would leave the Kensington depot at 9.30 and to report at the office at 1 o'clock sharp, and, as we were to both join the ^{same} ship, in the meantime we would become acquainted. I had looked the person who was to be a shipmate for eighteen months over several times and, candidly, I was not impressed with his appearance. He was dark complexioned, of heavy build, about 5 feet, 8 inches in height, blind of an eye and the other one never at rest, his age was given in at 20 years. I became so impressed that he

was not a desirable companion for me that I could not be sociable with him and told the Runner so. I had made up my mind that there was something wrong about this man and I for one did not wish his acquaintance. In good time we started on our way to New York via Trenton, Princeton and Newark & Jersey City, crossing the river to New York and went direct to the main office, where we were given cots till morning, when we were informed that we would leave New York at 4 o'clock P. M. on the steamboat City of New York via Long Island Sound, for New London, Conn., and until that time we could put in the time as best suited us. Here we were joined by another recruit, a fine young fellow from Philadelphia, named James Algic, and in all the time we spent together, some eighteen months, I had no reason to change my opinion of him. He always was the same whole souled, jolly Jim, and here let me say before the time came for us to go aboard the boat we had become as well acquainted as if we had been reared together. But our one-eyed companion, what of

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him? Algie had formed the same opinion of him I had, and we concluded to watch him. I noticed when we entered the cars in Philadelphia that he carried an old satchel that appeared not to contain very much and when we left the cars in Jersey City it appeared to contain more than it had before. I had made it a point not to sit in the seat with him in the cars and in the 90 mile ride across New Jersey he had changed seats several times and always sat next the window if possible. I told Algie this and he asked me if the car windows had curtains on. I answered they had velvet curtains with heavy tassels on, then he says, "I'll bet he has cut off a lot of tassels and has them in his satchel, all we can do at present is to keep clear of him and not let him think we are watching him; it will do no good to notify the shipping agent, as he gets \$35 for every man he delivers at New London and he would ship a criminal as soon as an honest man, as it is the dollars and cents he is after." Algie was reared in the seaport city of Philadelphia and knew all the ropes, as the saying is, and he was right in the matter of money being paid for men, as

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war times made men scarce, owners of whaling vessels paid \$35- and all expenses from place of shipping for every man delivered to them in a sound and healthy condition. At 4 o'clock we went aboard the boat, where the Runner procured us each a ticket for a deck passage and supper. We were informed that we would get to New London about midnight. The boat soon cast off the fastenings and started for the sound.

The Runner pointed out places of interest as we steamed at half speed, until we would get more sea room. Castle Garden, where all the emigrants coming into New York are landed, we can see in the distance, also the Battery and Fort Hamilton, and as we pass through that boiling cauldron, "Hell Gate," Sing Sing comes into view, now we are in the Sound and going at full speed and my voyage has fairly begun for I am on salt water now and vessels of all descriptions are around us but we have the right of way and all try and keep out of our course, as a large steamer plowing through the waves at about 12 miles an hour, leaves such a swell in its wake that it is very dangerous for any small craft to stem it.

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My ticket called for a deck passage and I could have the privilege of the cabin forward, on the hurricane deck and the saloons, but had no state room nor berth and if I wanted to sleep I must lie down on the freight, so I concluded to spend the night looking over this floating palace. At 7.30 the gong announced supper, when we fell in and followed the crowd below decks to the immense dining saloon, where tables were spread for eight persons each. The linen and dishes were of the finest and on each plate was a bill of fare with French and Italian names as long as your arm. At every table stood a colored-waiter and to see them take and deliver four orders at one time would make the waiter of today turn green with envy. After supper the head waiter showed the guests out past the cashier and all who had no tickets paid \$1. for their meal. After reaching the deck I went to the engine room to see the large engine. The room was surrounded with plate glass and the glass surrounded by an iron railing so that one could be crowded close enough to break the glass.

The engine was of an upright pattern and very powerful.

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and I became greatly interested in this mammoth piece of machine, every piece in view was as bright as nickel and it appears almost human in its throbbings and pulsations. The engine room floor was covered with oil cloth and contained a lounge for the use of the two engineers. While watching this mighty machine controlled by man there were two sharp strokes sounded on a gong directly over the engineers, in an instant one sprang to his feet and grasped a lever and I saw the ponderous machine move more slowly; he stood with his hand on the lever and once more the gong sounded one, two, three, with the third stroke back went the lever and the machinery ceased to move. This lasted about 30 seconds when again the gong sounded loud and clear, one, the lever shot back to its first position and we were once more on the move. Shortly after I met one of the crew and asked him from whence came those signals to the engineers - as I had left home to become a sailor I was anxious to learn everything concerning the working of a vessel - the sailor being well informed and very communicative, he said

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he was at leisure for awhile and I should follow him. He led me to the upper or hurricane deck and showed me a small house, so situated as to command an unobstructed view of any part of the vessel, also a good view ahead, astern or on either side. That house, he said contains the pilot and the helmsman. The vessel was in control of these men, the pilot controlled the engineer with his gang and the steering apparatus was here under control of the helmsman. There was a regular code of signals used by the pilot, which were instantly obeyed by the engineer. He next called my attention to various lights in view, some ^{were} white, some red and others green. He said, all those lights are on crafts of some kind, the white ones are on steamers, the others are on coasters; green lights are always on the starboard side, red lights on the larboard or port side, so you can tell the direction the vessel is going by the color of the lights shown. Thus on the hurricane deck of a Long Island Sound Steamboat I got my

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first lesson in seamanship, near midnight
on the 17th. of June, 1864.

Chapter II.

Our boat arrived at its pier in New London, Conn., at 12:30
A. M. The Runner and my friend Algic were found near
where the gang-plank was being run ashore, but our other
shipmate with the one eye was not around. After a short
search he was found fast asleep on a pile of freight.
He was roused by The Runner and told to follow us.
I saw at a glance that his dilapidated satchel had
filled up since going aboard at New York and wondered
what he had stolen during the night. Algic and myself
followed close behind our guide down the waist of the
boat, past the officers and out over the gang-plank to
the shore, with the one-eyed man in our wake with
the satchel that has been getting larger and larger
ever since leaving Philadelphia, and now had become
a load to carry. Our place of destination was No. 6 Water
street, at the boarding house of Henry Saunders, who was
employed as night watchman for Williams and Haven.

The house was situated on the street end of their oil wharf, Mr. Saunders was soon found and let us in with his night key. He told us as an Elephant whaler had arrived that day his house would be pretty full until the firm settled with its crew, which would be as soon as the oil was unloaded and gauged, consequently that night at least, we would have to sleep with some of the Elephant men, saying they were all nice, quiet fellows. The Run-
ner left us in Mr. Saunders' charge and went to a hotel. We were soon in the arms of Morphens. On waking in the morning I found my bed fellow to be a native of Connecticut, Church, by name, and that he was going to Greenland in the Monticello. Next the bell rang us up to prepare for breakfast. At the table I met my companions of the night before, besides sixteen men from the Elephant whaler, Arab, just in with a full cargo of elephant oil from the Isle of Desolation. Sailors, as a class, are very friendly, and we were soon on very good terms. About 8 o'clock, A.M., a clerk from the office of Williams & Har-
rison called for the three men that were brought here last night, and escorted us to the office where we were questioned by Mr. Har-
rison, of the firm, among other

questions asked was: "Were you ever in prison? If so we do not want you, as we have no place aboard our ships for criminals." My answer being all satisfactory I was told to "sign these papers that make you a member of the Bark Monticello's crew for a voyage of eighteen months to Greenland and Hudson's Bay. Your position on board will be before the mast as landsman, subject to promotion by the Captain for aptness in seamanship and for good conduct. Your lay (share) will be one barrel of oil out of every one hundred and ninety of the catch, and fifteen pounds of whalebone to each barrel of oil allotted you; if the ship gets a full cargo it carries 1800 barrels; oil is now worth \$1.80 per gallon and bone \$2.40 per pound. You are going to a cold country; see that the outfit you procure is a good warm one; as we pay all bills and run the risk of the ship making a good voyage. If you are unlucky and take no whales we are the only losers; we board and clothe you free, you lose only your time and see something of the world." Next ^{my} friend Algic got the same questions asked him, all of which being satisfactorily answered, he was also shipped as landsman with same lay as mine. Now came the turn of the one-eyed

man. When asked if he had ever been in prison he flushed, hesitated, and finally answered "No sir." He was finally shipped as landsman with the lay of that grade. Myself and Algic held a consultation and came to the conclusion that this man was a criminal and not a fit companion for us on this voyage and we would try to prove it before the time came for our vessel to sail, which had been postponed to June 30th, on account of repairs not being completed on our ship. We were told to call at the office in the morning and orders would be given us to procure our outfits for the voyage. The first step in my dream of the sea was now realized; I had left home and kindred and safely arrived at New London, had been enrolled as one of the crew of the Monticello, my next move was to see the vessel I had traveled over 600 miles to join. It found moored at the wharf with men busily engaged getting her ready for sea.

Stowagers were putting in such stores as was needed on the voyage; sail-makers and riggers were putting up top-masts, yards and bending on sails, painters were painting inside and out, others were taring standing rigging, everybody busy at the various kinds of work.

One thing I noticed in particular that everything done was accompanied by singing. Hoisting up a barrel of pork or pulling taut a piece of rigging was always accompanied with "He, hi, ho; a strong pull, a long pull, a pull together, he, hi, ho." They all worked in concert with the singing which appeared to lighten their labor.

I went on deck and inspected the vessel; saw many things that I did not know the use of, asked a few questions which were politely answered ^{by} the steward in charge, and concluded that the vessel was a very staunch one. It being now the noon hour I repaired to the boarding house for dinner. This sea port city, New London, got its name from being on the river Thames. It is situated on the left bank three miles from Long Island Sound, and on historic ground. In the war of Independence it was burned by order of Benedict Arnold, whose forces then crossed the Thames and captured Fort Griswold, on Gorton Heights, where Col. Ledyard and his brave band were murdered after surrendering their arms to the British and Indians. A fine monument marks the spot where Ledyard fell pierced with his own sword. The outlines of the old fort

are still visible. On the New London side is Fort Trumbull, and out in the river in front of it lies the U.S. Navy Training ship, Sabine, and two gun boats, the double ended Marblehead and Itasca. I visited the monument, which is about 120 feet high, and from its summit obtained a fine view of the country for many miles. You also look down into the Harbor of New London and out into Long Island Sound. At the base of the mountain is a marble slab containing the names of all who fell on that eventful day, among the number being a father and six sons. After returning to my boarding place I remained indoors the balance of the day and evening. Next morning we were given orders to R. Chaney & Co. for our outfits. On arriving at the store our order was taken and each man was given what was called an outfit card, on which was printed the names and prices of every article needed for a sea voyage. You were limited to an amount not exceeding one hundred dollars if you used tobacco, and eighty dollars if not a user of the weed. As I belonged to the latter class my card read as follows: "1 suit of oil clothes, and Sou'wester, 1 sea jacket, 3 suits of underwear, 3 sabbath

over-shirt, 2 heavy pairs pants, 6 pairs woolen socks, 2 pairs
 woolen mittens, 1 pair leather mittens, 1 Russia cap, 2 pairs
 army brogans, 1 pair leather boots, 1 pair rubber boots,
 2 pairs army blankets, 1 straw mattress and pillow,
 1 sheath knife and belt, 1 jack knife, 1 knife and
 fork, pot, pan and spoon, needles, thread and yarn,
 buttons, one large sea chest. A bill was made out
 by one clerk while another brought in the chest. Then
 as the things were being packed within they were
 checked in your presence, after which your name was
 put on the chest, it locked and the key given to you,
 but they kept possession of the outfit until the ship
 was ready to sail. This morning we were called to
 the office and informed that our ship would sail on
 June 30th, and on account of sailors being hard to pro-
 cure would proceed short-handed to St. John's, New
 Foundland, where the American Consul has been not-
 ified to ship the remainder of the crew. We also would
 be accompanied north by the Schooner, ^{Helen} F. as a tender to
 our ship, and all whales taken by the Helen F. would be
 considered as part of our cargo and divided accord-
 ingly. And last, but not least, that Capt. O. F. Hall,

The Arctic explorer, together with his two Esquimaux guides and their outfit were given a free passage to Kulusuk Bay to be landed at the most convenient point for him to continue his search for some clue to the lost Franklin expedition. And further, that as the time ^{was} short until the day set for our departure, any of the crew who wished to work could help get the ship ready for sea and they would be paid 14 cents per hour and board. Myself and Algic commenced work at once and helped load coal, wood, flour, pork, beef, beans, hard tack, fresh water and such stores usually taken on whalers going on a long voyage. We also loaded a house which had been framed and put together on shore then taken down and the parts all numbered, to be put on an island in Hudson's Bay for Pender's crew to pass the winter in. It was 16 x 20 feet frame one story structure, to be sheathed inside and outside with matched lumber, then lined with heavy felt, doors double. When I saw the way this house was being prepared to withstand cold I came to the conclusion we were going to a cold climate. In a few days all was ready for the voyage. Just here an incident occurred that

changed the roll of the Monticello's crew by the name of the one-eyed man being struck off.

A few doors from our boarding place lived an Irish washerwoman, a widow, whose husband had went down to sea but never returned. This poor honest widow took in washing to support her family of several small children, she being well known to our landlady. She told any of us that wished washing done to take it there as she badly needed the income from it to support her family. Among those who had taken work there was Mr. One-eye, and on this particular afternoon he went to get some articles to be left to be laundried, when he paid for the laundrying he noticed that the lady went to a mantle in the room got her purse, made the change, then laid it on the mantle again. Now was his chance, he sprang to the place, seized the purse and made for the door. After getting outside (he made the mistake of his life) he ran down the street to the alleyway leading past Williams & Haven's office, just as the woman emerged from the house shouting, "Stop thief!" Then turning into the alley ran down to the

wharf. Mr. Williams had just come from aboard The Monticello where he had been superintending some of the lading, when he saw the man running towards him pursued by the woman screaming at the top of her voice "stop Thief!" he at once gave chase. The Thief seeing he was bound to be captured threw the purse among some oil casks but it was soon found. Mr. Williams took him in charge and sent for a policeman and the last we saw of Mr. One-eye he was on his way to New London jail. That evening an officer came for the "famous satchel" that had grown so fast in its travel from Philadelphia to New London and its contents examined. It contained several heavy tassels, such as I had seen in the car on the trip across New Jersey, several pair of ladies shoes about ten pounds raisins and various other things which must have been stolen on our trip up The Sound, also some small articles that belonged to the house where we boarded. To say we were glad he was not permitted to join our crew is the truth. Although we were very sorry for him, as we afterwards learned that through bad associations when a boy he had become a sneak thief and had

just served out a sentence in Moyamensing prison.

To morrow is June 30th, and our day of sailing, the Monticello is ready, stores for the voyage are all stowed below decks, Capt. Hall's outfit has been put aboard, the last things taken aboard were the crew's outfit.

This evening the shore fastenings will be cast off and the vessel anchored in the harbor. As this was my last day on shore I got some tintypes taken to send home. I had written to my parents telling them all about the struggle between duty as an obedient son and desire to see the world and asked their forgiveness. I desired my father to write at once, directing his letter to St. John's, Newfoundland, in care of the American Consul, for the Bark Monticello, of New London, Conn.

The morning of sailing has at length arrived. All were notified to meet at the office of Williams & Haven at 9 o'clock sharp. Here I saw our commander for the first time, Capt. E. A. Chapell, of Hudson, N. Y. He was a tall spare built man with gray hair and side whiskers and had a sharp, piercing eye, and looked like a man that would be a terror to those who disobeyed his orders. He shook the hand of each man and hoped we would

have a pleasant voyage. Then Capt. C. F. Hall, Arctic explorer, and his wife were introduced, with their two Esquimaux guides. The man's native name was Eberling and his wife Tookolito, but they had been christened Joe and Hannah, and by these names we shall know them throughout this narrative. They were of medium height, dark copper color and had very coarse, black hair which was worn long. They could converse in English, which they ^{had} learned in a two years' sojourn in this country, part of which had been passed in Barnum's museum.

Capt. Hall was a man above the average height, powerfully built, and weighed over 200 lbs. A more robust specimen of manhood would be very hard to find. He had a fine voice and in a few words told us about the two years he had already spent trying to find some clue to Sir John Franklin, by the way of Northumberland Inlet and King William's Land. It was his ^{not} desire now after becoming used to the rigor of an Arctic winter and the customs and mode of living of the Esquimaux, to reach King William's Land once more and thoroughly explore it. Through the kindness of Mr. Henry Grinnell, of New York City, and other friends,

who assisted him before, he was able to make the second attempt accompanied by these two intelligent Esquimaux as guides to solve the fate of Sir John Franklin's men, and to the generosity of Messrs. Williams & Haran he was indebted for transportation free of charge in the Bark Monticello to Repulse Bay and return on any of their ships for his outfit, which consisted of whaleboat, sledges, provisions, clothing, medicines, instruments &c. We were then notified to be at the tug boat landing at one o'clock p.m., when we would be taken out to our ship, which would immediately up anchor and proceed to sea. As the clock struck one the tug Wellington steamed up to the landing and took on our crew. Some had to be carried on board - old "salts" who had spent twenty or thirty years at sea and their last cent for rum. I thought, at that time, it was awful to take such men as sailors. After being out three days they commenced to get their sea legs on they were found to be No. 1 seamen. After arriving on board the helpless ones were put in the fore-castle and the tug's crew assisted us in getting up anchor. After the anchor was secured the tug took us in tow and started

down the harbor. On the tug were several prominent people who had come to bid Capt. Hall adieu. As we approached the men of war the rigging was manned and we were given three rousing cheers for the success of the Arctic expedition. We proceeded ^{on} out into the Sound past Montague Point, the furthest land on Long Island getting farther away from the mainland until we had plenty of sea room, then the order of the pilot rang out, "All hands prepare to make sail;" soon sails were loosened and sheeted home, good byes and God speed were spoken, the tow line cast off and we were fairly afloat on the broad Atlantic. My dreams had begun to realize and I bid farewell to my native land joyfully. But before twenty-four hours had passed my belief that I had bettered my condition by running away from home to become a sailor was doomed to drop away below zero. The first mate now informed us that we would find our chests in the fore-castle and all who wanted to change their shore clothing for sea clothing were allowed to go and do so and be lively about it. Towards sunset the breeze began to freshen and our first night at sea was likely to be

a stormy one. The order soon came to take in the fore and main top-gallant sails. As it requires two men to furl a top-gallant sail I was ordered to assist one of our boat steerers to stow the fore one. I looked at the sail flapping away up on the yard, then at the sea that was breaking full of white caps and says to the officer, "I am no sailor, I shipped as a landsman; please send some one else." "You lay aloft there when told and be lively about it, too", came the command in a voice that brooked no longer delay. I started up the rope ladder, moving slowly upward, holding on to the ropes as if every step would be the last, I finally reached the sail. The boat steerer told me not to look down, stay in next the mast and hold the slack of the sail for him and he would do the work. While he worked he gave me some good advice. He said in going aloft always go up on the windward or weather side, as the rigging is always taut and is easy climbing. I finally reached the deck again, but soon the order came to double reef top sails fore and main. As they are large sails and we were short handed it required almost everyone that was able for duty to lend a hand. I followed

my friend, the boat steerer, up and out on to the yard, helped him as he sat astride the very end over the graving and haul out the sail. The next man inboard of me tied the reef points (as the small ropes are called that fasten the sail to the yard arms).

Next call was for supper, but I for one was not hungry, my appetite was not as great as my thirst, for every few minutes I had got a mouthful of salt spray, for I had yet to learn to keep my mouth shut.

Night wore on, the morning of July 1st, 1864, broke bright and clear with no land in sight. The reefs were shaken.

Chap. III.

Out our topsails and our course was laid for the island of Newfoundland. Now commenced reaction. I became depressed in mind as the excitement wore away I came to think more and more of home and friends. This was soon increased by that horrible sensation, sea-sickness, which lasted for about three days, but seemed to me then to be years. What is sea-sickness, the reader will ask? No one can tell, unless they once experience it, and very few can describe it who have. In a feeble way I will attempt it. Imagine yourself swung, tumbled, slewed, warped, pitched this way and that, trying to turn yourself outside in, water, rigging, ship, everything looking green, that on ship-board is called sea-sickness. On shore it would be torturing.

As I had lain my tired frame in the lee scuppers to rest my friend, the boat steerer, came up and asked me how I liked the sea. My reply was, "Only set me ashore and I will be willing to walk all the way home, all the sea I want is to see home." I was getting paid with compound interest for what I had done. He advised me to eat fat pork and drink salt water. He was kind.

enough to assist me to get them and I soon felt better. During these first few days everything was kind of going haphazard, as we were short handed to begin with and then several of those seasick made us short in working the ship. But now everyone was getting their sea legs on. This being our fourth day out all hands were summoned aft on the quarter deck and the Captain addressed us somewhat as follows: "Now we are now out of sight of land and this ship is to be ^{your} home for ^{long} 15 months: my duty is command, yours to obey. No favoritism will be shown at ^{board} and this ship. The mates will live aft in the cabin, the boat steers, carpenter, cooper and blacksmith in the stowage, able and ordinary seamen and lands men in the fore-castle.

The food provided will be wholesome and no one need go hungry, but it must not be wasted or you will be put on allowance. Those of you who have followed the sea know what allowance means. Hoping there will be no conflict between you and those in authority over you during this voyage, we will now choose watches. The men were formed in a single line on the quarter-

deck, then all who had ever been to sea were ordered to take one step forward and they commenced forming the watches. The Captain had first choice, the Mate Second, and so on till all were chosen. The Captain's watch is named "starboard" and the First Mate's the "larboard" watch. The Captain stands no watch come on deck whenever he pleases, gives orders that must be obeyed without any question, even the Mate has no say; his duty is to see that the orders given him are obeyed. The second Mate leads the Captain's watch. The watches chosen, the Mates tossed up to see which would get the "watch in", and the Mate I was with lost, and well I remember my first regular watch at sea. The time as divided between them called "watch on deck" and "watch below" and is changed every four hours. If for instance, the First Mate's, or larboard watch, goes on duty at 5 o'clock in the evening, they stay four hours, or until 12 o'clock, when the starboard watch is called and the second Mate takes charge, while the First Mate and his watch go below until in the morning, when they are again

called and have the "watch on deck" until 3, which
 called the "morning watch on deck". Now in order to
 shift the watches each night, so that the first
 watch one night will be the second the next night,
 the watch from 12 to 3 is divided into two "dog watches"
 - one from 4 to 6 and the other from 6 to 8. By
 this means the 24 hours are divided into seven
 watches and thus shift the hours every night.

In "dog watches" no more work is done than can
 possibly be helped. They come after the day's work is
 done. Everybody is on deck enjoying themselves and
 no one on duty but the lookout and steersman. At
 8 o'clock the scene changes, eight bells are struck, the
 watch set, the wheel relieved, the galley (cook house)
 shut up and the "four watch" goes below. The
 morning commences with the "watch on deck" turn-
 ing to, "at break of day, rain or shine, to wash down,
 scrub and sweep the decks. This with filling the
 scuttlebutt with fresh water and sailing up the
 running rigging takes all our time until seven
 bells (half past seven) when the watch below get their

breakfast. At 3 o'clock the day work begins. Thus it is day in and day out except on Sunday, when no more work is done than is required in sailing the ship and the men employ their time in reading.

This day is more commonly known as "steward's day." I will give what constituted our bill of fare, and while not got up on the elaborate scale of a Helmonico, it was nevertheless good, wholesome and plenty. For breakfast we had a dish called scouse, composed of beef, pork and hardtack cut up together then put into pans and baked, a generous allowance for each man and a quart cup of coffee constituted breakfast. Dinner consisted of beef, pork, pea and bean soup, hard tack &c., varied each day. For supper, beef and pork, hardtack and tea, always the same. Nearly every man on shipboard has a nick-name and after the first week at sea you seldom hear your own name. Our ship was no exception to the rule.

My hair was of a beautiful "auburn" and the third Mate called me "Reddy" and that was my name

for the voyage. Captain Hall and his guides kept close to their staterooms our first week at sea on account of sea sickness, but after that we saw them daily on deck. The crew was now busy every day getting whaling gear ready for use, overhauling tow lines, sharpening harpoons, lances, &c., and consequently there was a great deal of "circular work" (turning the grindstone) which fell to no landsmen.

The Gulf Stream was crossed under double reefed topsails. Old sailors say they never at any experience had weather in and near the Gulf Stream and our voyage was more, certainly to this rule. The reader will say why does the Gulf Stream have this influence over the elements.

What is called the Gulf Stream? It is a stream of water flowing from the Gulf of Mexico northward along the Atlantic seaboard, some places within fifty miles of land. It is so clearly marked that it is easily distinguished by day by the color of the water and by night by the temperature, as the water of the Gulf Stream is so

warm as our *Amphipinna* in midsummer, while the surrounding waters are of the temperature of our river in October. It is a great river in the ocean and circulates from the Equator to the Pole and then returns again in the Polar currents. It is seldom you can find clear weather or less than a double reefed top-sail breeze in or about the Gulf Stream, and our voyage was no exception, and I thought it blew "great guns." Here I saw the first storm petrels, called by the sailors "Mother Carey's chickens."

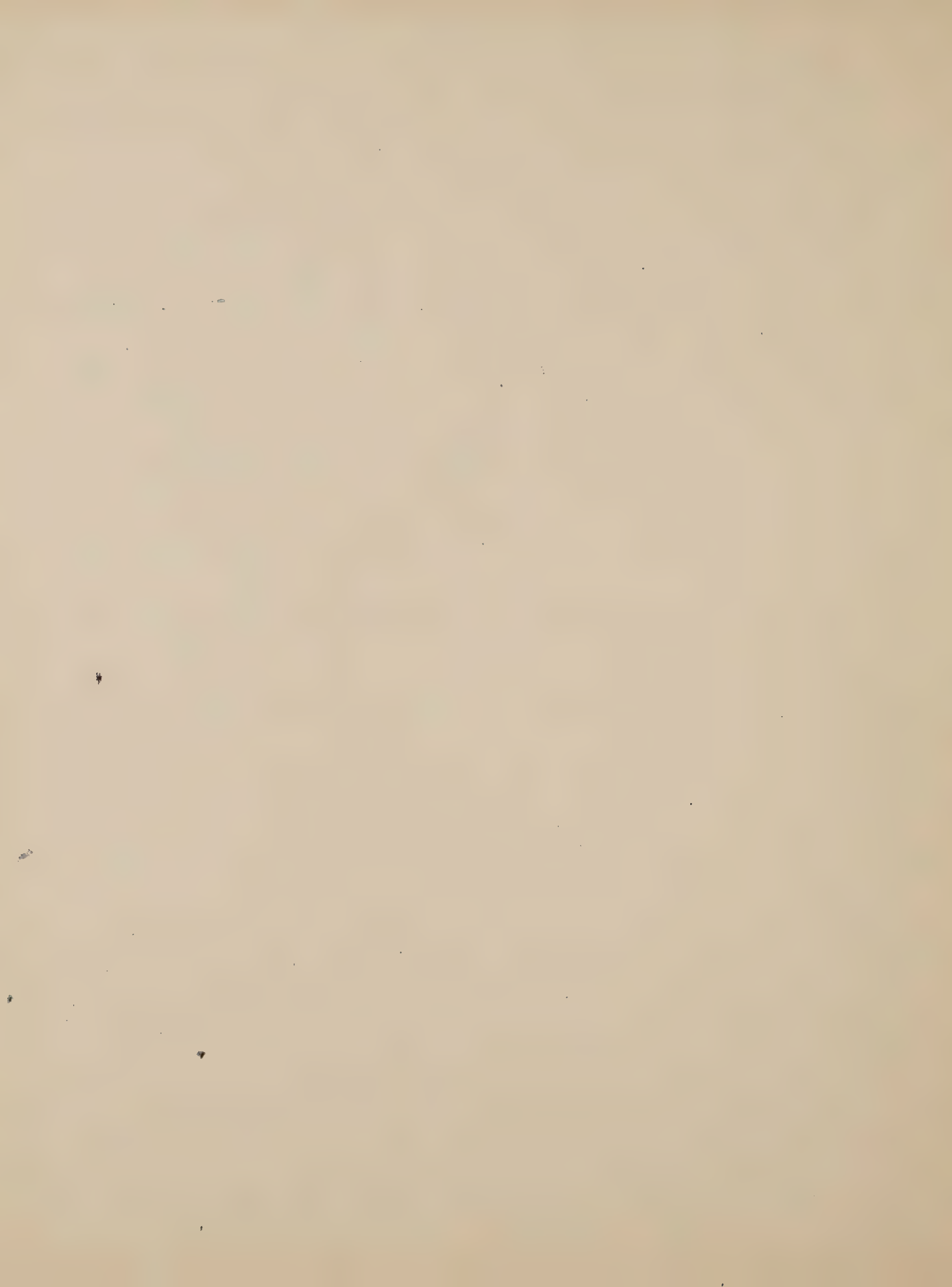
They gather around the vessel and dance up and down on the white-capped waves as if to bid you God-speed on your journey. Old salts are very superstitious and say these petrels are only seen before or during a storm. Every day we see vessels, and here let me state that the sea is not level like a mill-bond, as some suppose, but has a round appearance like a ball. You look all about you from horizon to horizon it looks the same, the sky and clouds meeting the sea. But our look-out up at mast-head reports a sail. "Where away?" I asked by the

officer of the deck. "Two points off our Weather bow, sir; steamer under sail or square rigger, can't make out yet; can you see two masts at the masts." "Which way is she heading?" asks the officer. "Aftward our bows, sir," comes the answer from mast head. How our look-out is stationed at least fifty feet above the water and the ship he sights is seven or eight miles away, and all he can see of it is three sticks against the horizon. As the vessel was sailing across our course and we were advancing towards it, one hour passed before we could see its hull and make out its full rig from deck. It appeared as if we were coming up one side of an elevation and the stranger the other and met on the crest. Every day now we have fish of all description, sturgeon, dolphin, cod-fish, porpoise, &c. The porpoise is called the "sea hog," and generally follow close in a ship's wake and play around the stern to pick up any garbage that has been thrown overboard. One boat-stewer harpooned one that would weigh about 250 pounds. Its flesh was of very dark red color, more like pork than

fish. We experienced a very heavy gale, lasting three days before we struck the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, and I got a good taste of the sea. (As our crew being short-handed we had to have all hands on deck every night. We had all sails furled except a close reefed main topsail and storm staysail (murely enough for steering way.) The sea ran mountains high and was as white as snow from the breaking of the waves. Oh, if ^{only} I could have got ashore then I would never set foot on shipboard again.

My spirits were away down in my boots. Wet, cold and hungry, having had no sleep for about seventy hours was very discouraging, but every cloud has a silver lining, mine will come by and by.

We are now at sea fourteen days and are crossing the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. The weather is very foggy and look-outs are doubled; for at this season of the year vessels are lying at anchor cod-fishing. Our bell is kept ringing constantly. We also hear the fog-horns of the anchored fisherman in various directions. Sail is shortened and every-



thing kept clear to tack ship at a moment's notice.
 All at once out of the fog came the cry
 "Ship-a-hoy, keep off!" The order is almost instant-
 ly given, "Hard-a-lee, all hands stand by your
 stays," and before I can write it our helm is
 put hard down, ropes cast off, braces rounded in
 and we are heading away from the other fisher-
 man on the other tack. Soon afterward the fog
 lifted. We saw more ships and ran in close to
 a large schooner and hailed "Ship-a-hoy. What
 vessel is that?" The answer came in pure down-
 east nasal nasal twang. The Cod-fisher Mary Jane,
 from Newbury port, Mass. Who are you and what
 are you bound?" "Monticello of New London, Conn., with
 Hall's Arctic Expedition on board, bound for the
 North Pole." "Gee Whitaker, don't say," came the re-
 sponse from the old grizzled fisherman. Then next
 he asked if we wanted some fish, "if you do come a-
 board and get 'em." A boat was soon lowered
 and the Mary Jane visited. The deck was full of
 fresh-caught fish and the crew was busy splitting

#43.

and salting them below deck in great piles. In the middle of the vessel they had a great tank called a well, and filled with the larger cod fish and salt water where they are kept until the vessel returns home as they are too large to ~~use~~ at sea. The old skipper fished out of this well some seven or eight hundred pounds, (some of the fish would weigh fifty or sixty pounds each) and presented them to us ^{with the remark} with the compliments of the crew of the Mary Jane, "I'll be gosh hanged if you won't need something stronger than cod-fish before you discover the North Pole." After getting the fish aboard our vessel our course was again laid for Newfoundland. The sun came out clear, observations were taken, latitude and longitude worked up and crew informed that land would be sighted inside the next sea day, (The sea day commenced at noon.)

On July 15th, at 4 o'clock, A.M. The lookout at mast-head reported land ahead. The Captain was called, went aloft with his glass and reported the Island of Newfoundland twenty miles distant.

X44.

We altered our course a little more to the south and before noon we were close to the entrance of the harbor of St. John's, which is guarded by a fort and several water batteries. Soon a pilot boat put off from shore and put a pilot aboard. As soon as he sat foot on deck he took command of the ship.

On consultation with the officers it was decided not to take our ship into the Harbor as the tonnage tax for anchorage would cost about one hundred and fifty dollars, which would be payable in gold or its equivalent in greenbacks. The ship was left in command of the English pilot. Captain Chapell and Hall took the quarter boat with a crew of six and proceeded down the beautiful Harbor to the city of St. John's, about five miles away. In a short time the pier was reached, the crew given liberty for a few hours ashore, and the Captains proceeded to the American Consul's office over which waved the Starry flag. St. John's, is built in a semi circle around the head of one of the most beautiful harbors of the world.

The entrance to the harbor is not more than five hundred yards wide with a very deep channel. As you advance through the entrance it gradually widens and is perfectly land-locked on three sides. The city has many fine buildings, chief of which are the Governor's residence and Cathedral. Our boat crew, after seeing the sights, and those that imbibed sampling some "alf. and alf" (a drink composed of half porter and half ale) proceeded to man the boat or the row back to the ship. As the Captain intended staying here for twenty-four hours I put out our crews both of the Monticello and John T. The latter vessel being now at anchor in the harbor, having made the run of over 1000 miles in thirty-six hours less time than we did with the larger vessel.



Chap IV

After getting outside the harbor we found a strong breeze and it took a good steady pull to reach our ship. The morning the wind had become a gale, and we had to get off shore to gain more sea room.

The English Pilot, when he came aboard was accompanied by a jug of Jamaica rum, and he consulted us so often that the time night set in. He was neither pilot nor sailor. He kept his hands on the jacks put them on and taking the ship, till finally two of our light sails were blown to "Gory Gory's locker."

Then the Yankee blood of our chief mate, Hubbard Chester, commenced to boil, and he politely informed Mr. Pilot that he could go below and turn in, as the ship was outside the three mile limit and consequently off of English territory and he did not propose to further humor a drunken pilot and lose any more sails. The Pilot protested and said he commanded this ship until our Captain's return, and continued giving orders. As it appeared to be a question of authority between our superiors we anxiously awaited results, hoping Mr. Chester would

Take command as it was blowing hard and we were on a lee shore carrying entirely too much sail.

The question was soon decided by Mr. Chester giving the order for all hands to stand by to shorten sails, take in fore and top gallant sails. The order was quickly obeyed and the sails neatly furled. We had hardly got on deck again from aloft until the pilot ordered them loosened and set again.

This was too much for our chief mate American born. He strode up to the pilot and told him to go below or he would throw him overboard. The pilot looked at Mr. Chester's six-foot frame and 200 pounds of bone and muscle and concluded to go below.

Mr. Chester immediately ordered topsails double reefed and we beat up and down St. John bay till morning, when the wind falling we stood in for shore again. The pilot had become more snick and the command was again given him as we came within the three nautical miles of shore.

About noon our tender, *Vesta*, came out of the harbor, having Captains Chapell and Hall.

aboard with the men shipped here to fill out our
 crew. After transferring them and their baggage
 to the Monticello the pilot was paid off and
 proceeded ashore. Captain Chapell of the Helen A.,
 came aboard, and after a consultation with our officers
 it was decided for the tender to go north by the way
 of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and along the coast of
 Labrador, through the straits of Belle Island
 to Cape Farewell, the most southern point of Greenland,
 while the larger vessel would go by the way of Cape
 Race. Now as our complement of men is filled out
 our crew consists of twenty eight, divided as follows:
 Captain, three mates, four boat steers, steward cook,
 blacksmith, cooper and sixteen before the mast, as
 the residents of the fore-castle are called. Each watch
 contained twelve men, the cooper and blacksmith
 were all day men and had all night in. In log-
 watch this evening all hands were summoned to the
 quarter deck, when the Captain appeared with a hand full
 of letters. As he read the names the owners stepped for-
 ward and claimed them. My name was among the first,

and I never received a letter before or since with the feeling I experienced then, for it was in my father's well known writing, 300 miles from home on the broad Atlantic, it brought instantly before my eyes the old home on the Susquehanna, and my kind parent sitting in his arm chair writing. But what did it contain? I hunted up a place forward so as not to be disturbed and broke the seal. It commenced with "Your letter of recent date received with great surprise, but as you have taken the step your duty is to be a good boy," and after giving me the news closed with these words: "Be ever obedient to the orders of your captain, and in the providence of God we hope for your safe return home. If conscience ever accused any one for disobeying their parents none did then, but I held in my hand free and full forgiveness, and I made a vow then, come what would, I would follow the advice given me to obey my captain as far as lay in my power, Thenceforth I felt like a free man, my parents knew of my whereabouts and I felt as if I was there with their full consent. I now turned to learning

seamanship with a light heart. Here a description of the vessel will not be out of place, for those who never went down to the sea in ship know nothing of the perils of a sailor's life. Ships are mostly named after persons or places; ours was named the "Monticello" after the home of Thomas Jefferson, Third President of the United States. It was of 500 tons register, bark rigged. The bows had been strengthened by cross timbers of oak woven together for a distance of sixteen feet back from the cut-water, the whole fastened with iron bolts. The outside of the ship was protected by a sheathing of three inch oak plank from bow to stern and from keel on to three feet above water line.

The bows were also protected over this sheathing by a plating of half-inch iron extending as far aft as the fore-chains, or about one fourth the ship's length. All these precautions are taken on vessels making arctic voyages to resist the ice which we were soon to come in contact with. The "brigworks", which will be fully described later, were situated midway between the fore and mainmasts. The "galley", or cook house, was

at the stern on the larboard side. On the starboard side the captain had a room used as an office and smoking room; between it and the galley was the "binnacle", where the ship's compass is kept. All of the binnacle is the steering wheel and rudder. The masts were three in number, fore, main and mizzen. The fore mast was in three sections, viz: fore-most, fore-top-mast and fore-top gallant-mast. The main mast in four sections: main, main-top, main-top gallant and main-royal masts, each section on both masts carried a square sail in size from 30 x 30 feet down to 11 x 12 feet. The mizzen mast was in two sections: mizzen and mizzen-top mast. The upper section carried a three cornered sail called a Gaft top-sail, the lower section a large fore and aft sail named "spanker," which was set from deck. Out on the bows were the bow-sprit, jib booms and flying jib booms, from which heavy ropes called stays led to the different sections of the foremast, and on each stay was a three cornered stay named as follows: The outer one, flying-jib, next, jib, next, stay-sail. These were all set from deck.

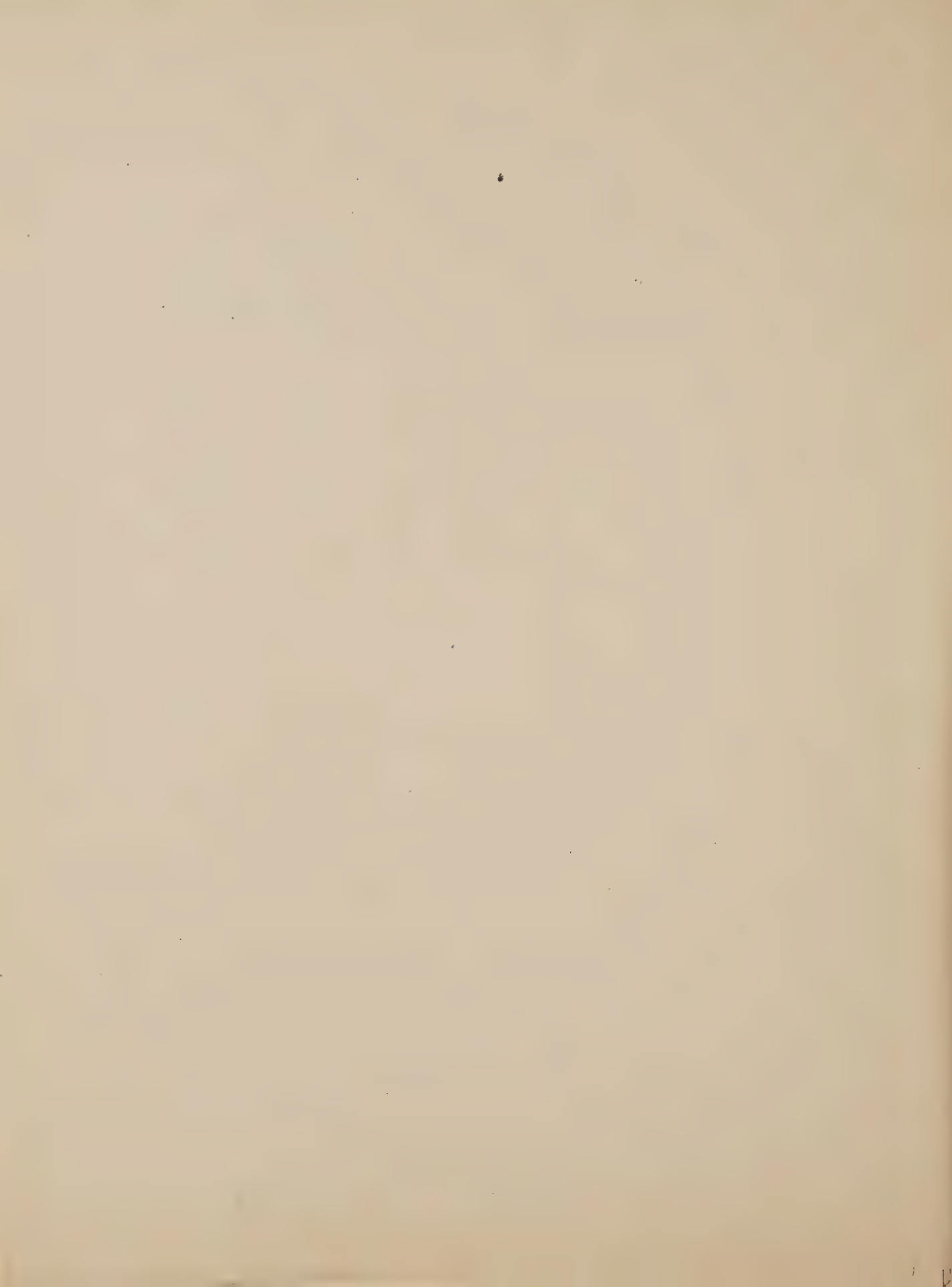
All standing rigging was made of hemp rope well tarred, and is called shrouds, stays and lifts. Running rigging is made of manilla, as it is more pliable than any other material and consists of Lanyards, braces, bunt-lines, crew-lines, reef-lines, boom-lines, out-hauls, down-hauls, tacks, sheets, etc., and a large number of ropes all used in working a vessel. You had to learn the name of each rope and where each particular rope was to be found, so if an order was given to let go a certain sheet or brace the man nearest it could do so without any delay. All this took time, but in one month, with the aid of the seamen of our watch and lessons Mr. Chester, the mate, gave me, I had become familiar with nearly every rope in the ship. I also had learned to box, the compass and steer the ship, and had done my share of circular work (turning the gr. idstone) and could eat hard-tack and salt horse like an old salt. The after part of the ship below deck contained the forward and after cabins and officer's state rooms. Forward of these was the steward's pantry and the storeroom, the home of the

but-stewards, blacksmith and cooper. Next came the sail room and chain-locker. Then away forward in the vessel's bow was the fore-castle, the home of the common sailors. It was a room about 16 x 22 feet and contained 20 single bunks and were used as seats. The light came from the companion-way in good weather and in foul weather from deadlights in the ship's sides and deck. Our stores were sufficient for a voyage of three years, or twice as long as our contemplated stay in the north country, as it sometimes happens that vessels become ice-bound and are compelled to pass two Arctic winters before returning home, consequently all precautions so they will not be caught short of provisions and fuel. Extra clothing was also carried for those who, in the opinion of the officers, needed any if the ship did not succeed in getting any oil, and for all that wanted any if it did. A medicine chest was supplied by the owners and contained the remedies for all diseases incidental to the country. The captain was the dispenser of the remedies and almost always gave the same medicine, Meauser's salts. The



men shipped at St. John's, nine in number, were
fishermen, raised on the coast and were a stal-
wart, sturdy lot all splendid oarsmen. They had
spent years fishing out of open boats along the
coast of Newfoundland and sealing on the ice on the
coast of Labrador. None of them had shipped above
the grade of ordinary seaman on account of not be-
ing familiar with the working of a square rigger,
but they were real true sailors from the ground up.

A large Irishman, who pulled down the scales at
225 pounds, was the best oarsman of St. John's. His
name was Patrick Laveraux; his nickname was "Paddy
the Frenchman" throughout the voyage. As we sail
along the coast of Newfoundland south-east, so as to
clear Cape Race, the island looks very wild with its
bold rocky shore rising many hundreds of feet above the
level of the sea. We had hardly rounded the cape before
the lookout at mast-head reported an iceberg in sight.
Therefore long it could be seen from deck, and as we ap-
proached close to it the air became colder. Captain Hall
measured the berg from the ship's deck with instruments



and found its height to be over one hundred feet above water. This was my first view of one of these mighty monsters of the north, and as the sun's rays came on it presented the many colors of the rainbow.

We had sailed close by this magnificent pile of ice which was floating majestically on with the tide right against wind and wave. The ice is said to float seven-eighths below the surface of the water, and if this proves correct the mighty monster is over seven hundred feet below sea level. As we progressed toward Greenland numerous icebergs were seen of all shapes and sizes, some containing millions of tons of ice. As we advanced north the pass became longer and the night less dark, more of a moonlight than darkness. Soon the shores of Greenland were sighted "Greenland's ice mountains."

The poet was right as regards the latter part of the above sentence, but from whence came the name Greenland? Rocky, barren, and, your name is a misnomer. Desolation would be a much more appropriate title for you. The outlook from the "Crow's nest" at mast head reported a sail close into land, which

proved to be our own tender. Helena T., quietly awaiting our arrival. We are now north of the 6.5 degree north latitude, and in mid-summer there is no night.

Twenty-one hours between the rising and setting of the sun, and the other three hours of the twenty-four is at twilight. This lasts during the mid-summer months, but mid-winter just reverses things and the nights of the same length as the summer days. The Tender was signalled to get under way and we started along the coast for Holstenborg. Off the entrance were several Esquimaux fishermen in their iacks, who cordially welcomed the cod-lunas (white-men) to their northern land. As time was precious our stay was to be short. The Danish Governor very kindly received our Captains.

Our crews got plenty of furs in exchange for tobacco, beads, needles, etc., Captain Hall supplied himself and guides with suitable fur clothing to withstand the severe cold of an Arctic winter. The Danes and Esquimaux put in all their time hunting and fishing.

Ships make annual voyages between Greenland and Denmark, bringing here lumber, fuel provision

and clothing, and taking back furs, fish, oil, ivory and bone. This island has been under Danish rule for centuries but its interior has never been explored. There are eight or more settlements on the east and west coasts with a population of about 10,000. They have several schools in which the native and half-bred are taught both the Danish language and religion. Whaling ships that intend wintering in either Hudson's Bay or Cumberland Inlet generally run across to Holstenborg or Suckertofen to trade with the natives for fur clothing. Everything ready we again got under way and bid farewell to Greenland's shores and sailed for Hudson Straits. In due time we sighted Resolution Island and icebergs became so numerous that we almost ceased to notice them as curiosities, but the lookouts are doubled as the dangers of arctic navigation is increasing as we advance northward.

July 28, 1864, ^{is ushered in} with a cry of ice ahead and on either bow. We are entering the Straits. As far as can be seen from the mast head there is nothing in view but floating ice, great large fields containing hundreds of acres each and

being from six to ten feet thick. The Tender is close by us with sails furled and ice anchors are out waiting for the wind and tides to make a lead. We got as close as possible and also anchored to a cake that would supply New York City with both ice and salt for a season's ice cream, sails are shortened and ice gear got ready so we can take advantage of every lead. Some of the crew are on the ice cutting holes for hooks, others running out line. Every precaution is now taken to keep the vessel out of leads that set towards the islands. The days are very comfortable but ice is formidable every night. Now we have passed Resolution and can see Savage Island some 20 miles away. As we advance into the Straits the ice increases in thickness and is packed more closely together. These Straits are 40 miles long and 10 miles wide and nine months of the year we are frozen solid with ice from six to 12 feet thick. The spring tides and gales from the south and east break it up into great cakes. We have found some of them one mile square and when we run into one of that size all hands are called to warp ship around it. The Straits

are never clear of ice, as the winds and tides in summer are constantly drifting the ice of the bay seaward through them, consequently navigation is always dangerous and requires a skillful navigator and a staunch vessel to withstand. Imagine a breakup on the Saguenay river after a severe winter, what a spectacle. This is our mind compared with ^{the} force that the many currents set the ice against our vessels here. For extra precaution we have lashed spare masts along side to brace the stern. Our progress through the ice was very slow as at every change of the tide we would have to get out our ice anchors and wait for the next lead, which would come with flood tide.

Here we saw several seal and walrus at a distance on the ice, but they were not molested. On the morning of August 4th, a white bear was seen on the ice about 500 yards from the ship and as there happened to be clear water in that direction Mr. Chester lowered in boat and accompanied by Capt. Hall and Esquimaux Joe gave chase. When the boat had advanced to within 100 feet of the ice the bearship sprang into

the water and swam out as though to welcome us to his northern home. Joe was armed with a heavy rifle which he laid across the bow of the boat and with his finger on the trigger let the bear come within a few feet when he put an ounce ball through its brain and after a few struggles it was dead. We fastened a rope around its neck and towed it to the ship and hoisted it aboard, when Joe and his wife proceeded to skin it.

It was a very large one and Captain Hall estimated its weight at 1,500 pounds. The fat or blubber as whalemen call it, all lies between the hide and flesh of all animals in the Arctic country as a protection from the cold. The flesh of the polar bear is not good for food as it is ^{so} full of sinews that it becomes fishy in taste and smell. It has smooth, white fur and is the only known species that is strictly marine in its habits. It is at home both in the water and on the ice and subsists on fish, walrus and seal. In the afternoon we sighted another bear and as the ice had become solid around us the Captain gave four of us liberty to try and capture it. Armed with

Springfield muskets and lots of grit and accompanied by Esquimaux we slowly advanced over the ice.

When we came within gunshot of his bearship he stuck his long neck and large flat head out trying to make out what we were. Joe now halted us and formed a line, saying that he was going to give each one a chance and he would reserve his fire for an emergency. "Now," says he, "The first man on the left aim for behind the forehead and let him have it." Bang went the musket in the hands of my friend Algic. He missed him and Joe ordered the other next and made up my mind that that bear was a goner. Joe says; "Hold your gun steady, There is only one bear in sight;" as I was kind of sweeping the horizon with it. I finally pulled and shot two toes off the left hind foot. Out of four shots Charfield County's marksman was ahead. The bear shook its foot and concluded there was something wrong and started for us. The others had reloaded and we kept up the fusillade until 16 shots were fired, the bear still advancing and we firing and falling back, with

we between the bear and us as a rear guard. Finally, Joe, to save the skin from being made a mess of with bullet holes, ended all with a shot in the brain. We then made an examination and out of fourteen shots it had been hit eight times, only one that would have been fatal. After others of the crew came out to us we skinned it and left its carcass on the ice. Its weight was estimated at 900 pounds, and is only considered a medium sized bear for this country.

Toward midnight we saw our third bear for the day, but all hands were busy wrapping our ship into a lead and could not pursue it. The blubber of the two which "fried out" produced sixty-three gallons of oil. Some of the boys gathered up bottles and filled them, as bear oil at home was considered a No. 1 hair oil, and thus improved the opportunity to lay in a stock. But the oil of the polar bear is not the "bear's oil" that our teneorial artists use, and has no more commercial value than common fish oil. We were also informed by Esquimaux Joe, that the oil of the polar bear, seal or walrus used as a hair oil would

Loosen the hair and instead of being beneficial will result in great injury as it would loosen at the root and comb out, consequently the "bar's grease" was soon at a discount.

Chap. V

As we advance northward ice bergs are becoming more numerous and the ice sea more heavy and unrun, consequently navigation more dangerous.

We have taken our boats from their "davits" and lashed them on deck as they are in great danger of being stove in the rough hammering ice. The tides and currents are very strong here and as the ice floats very deep the larger pieces crowd the smaller cakes on edge and top of each other, which form what is here known as "Hummocks ice". The Monticello withstands all this crush and pressure bravely. The pumps are tried after each severe squeeze to see if any of the timbers have given away but no leaks were found. To look out around you on the ice - which extends from horizon to horizon, in all directions,

you would think we were at a stand still, (like a raft tied to shore,) But our officers informed us that we are carried along at a rate of six or seven miles an hour, and not always in the right direction either, for as the tides ebb and flow the cross currents carry us out of our course. The morning of Aug. 8th, iceicles froze one foot long and water in duck-buckets one inch thick. This is the 9th day since we entered the ice. I paid a visit to Mast Head and took a view of our surroundings through a telescope found in the "Crow's nest." Our tender is close astern, and away about five miles to the south-east is a strange sail in the ice pack, which I duly reported to the officer of the deck, where it was pronounced a whaler bound for Hudson's Bay. The ice kept very compact today with no sign of any lead, towards evening we became enveloped in one of those sudden fogs peculiar to this latitude. One of the kind that Mr. Taylor our third mate said you could cut with a knife, it is very penetrating and soon damps your clothing and sets your teeth to rattling, it continued till the morning of the 10th when

it lifted as suddenly as it came, and the sun came out brightly. just as the sun burst through the banks of fog Lookout sang out land! ho! Whore away; shouted Captain Hall who happened on deck, about two miles away off the lee bow sir; Capt. Chapin was called and went aloft to make an examination, after a quiet survey he came down and reported no land nearer than Charles Island fully 30 miles away.

But why did our lookout report land within two miles, when our Captain says none is with 30 miles? This is a phenomenon peculiar to this latitude and is named "Mirage" under its influence distant objects appear close by and often double and suspended in midair or inverted. The cause of mirage has very different theories. The theory of whalersmen is that it is caused by the sun shining on the ice. But whatever the cause, it is a strange and beautiful sight. It also greatly magnifies objects, islands, ships, and ice-bergs appear many ^{times} larger than they really are. The ice is commencing to be more open and we are putting on sail as the leads are getting wider and longer. Our chances of soon getting

past The ice pack are bright. We are now in the region of "all day" in the summer and "all night" in the winter. Sunset at 11.15 P.M. and sunrise at 1.15 A.M., between the rise and setting of the sun the light is sufficient to do all kinds of work in fact as light as cloudy days at home. August 11th, we are still going through scattered ice about noon land was reported, on our weather bow, upon examination it was found to be Saulbury and Northumberland Islands, Capt. Chapell said, we are now through the Straights and at the "gateway" to Hudson's Bay.

The great Bay discovered by that distinguished navigator, Henry Hudson in June 1610, which is about 600 miles wide and 1200 hundred miles long. We now set sail and proceeded on our way, rejoicing on our safe deliverance from the ice. After being driftedither and you for twelve days. Now again we are beset by one of those peculiar fogs and have to shorten sail, although we are in the bay we are likely to encounter ice flows and bergs, as they are driven by the force of currents peculiar to this country against

wind and tide. As we are now nearing whaling ground our officers called all hands and proceeded to choose boat crews, each boat is headed by an officer and it takes five men to complete the crew, viz: Harpooner, who pulls the forward oar, bow oarsman, midship oarsman, tub oarsman, and stroke oarsman, who pulls the after-oar and gives the "stroke" for the crew. Each oarsman sits on a separate "thwart" and handles but one oar which lies loosely in the row-lock. Oars are made of white ash and are from 12 to 14 feet long. The blade portion is from 6 to 7 inches wide; the stroke oar is the lightest and shortest, the midship the longest and heaviest, and are pulled respectively by the lightest and heaviest men. The disposition was two oarsmen in the larboard quarter boat, headed by Mr. Chester, first mate. Our vessel carried five boats; The Captain's on the starboard quarter, The first mate's on the larboard quarter, second mate's on larboard waist, Third mate's on larboard bow, and the fifth boat was an extra carried in case of a mishap to any of the others, was

securely lashed with Capt. Hall's expedition boat on top of the deck house in the after part of the ship.

4 whale boat is from 28 to 30 feet long, 6 foot in breadth in centre and both ends very sharp so as to move easily backward or forward when afloat; They are built both for strength and speed, and are almost equal to a life boat in a rough sea. The whaling gear for each boat consisted of two tubs containing 400 fathoms of best manilla $\frac{3}{4}$ inch whale line neatly coiled, two harpoons, two lances, one hatchet, one heavy knife, (for cutting boat), small keg containing water, and small box containing hard tack, one boat mast and sail, one paddle for each oarsman and a large heavy oar used to steer with. In the stern of each boat was a post of oak called "Luger-head" which led from the boat's "Kul" up through the centre of the stern sheet to about 15 inches above the "gunwale"; This post was about 6 inches in diameter at the top and was set at an angle. The end of the whale line was taken from the tub nearest it then passed twice around the luger head, then

along the centre of the boat above the thwart between
 the oarsmen, out through a lead chock in the bow
 and back again to the harpoon. The second harpoon
 was fastened to a short line six fathoms long
 which was made fast to the main line by a run-
 ning bowline tied in such a way that the line
 would run free and if the harpooner missed with
 his first iron he still had the second one free to
 use. The harpoon is an iron spear with sharp cut-
 ting edges much flattened at the point, about 5 inches
 back from the point is two large flattened barbs.
 The iron shaft is about two feet long terminating
 in a socket. Into this socket is driven a piece of wood
 called the iron pole four feet long, this is intended to
 give weight to the harpoon so when thrown or plung-
 ed into the whale it will cut through the thick skin
 and blubber, until the barbs take hold. An expert
 whaler has been known to dart the harpoon with
 line attached and fasten securely to a whale at a distance
 of seven fathoms. The lance has a double cutting edge
 1/2 inches wide 18 inches long and is as sharp as a razor.

The shaft is $\frac{7}{8}$ round iron 5 feet long with a ring in end to which the "lance warp" is attached, it being 3 fathoms long the end of which is securely fastened to bow of boat. The lance is only used to kill the whale and then in only ~~in~~ close quarters.

The whale boat when lowered with crew in floats within twelve or fifteen inches of its "gunwale". Aug. 15th, still foggy, ^{but} with ~~no~~ signs of lifting, about 7 o'clock this morning we heard a signal gun off to leeward, which was soon answered from the windward. The firing kept up at intervals still getting nearer to us until 10 o'clock a. m., when the sun came out bright to the discomfort of the fog.

We saw a full-rigged ship close to windward of us. As the fog rolled on we soon saw another ship close by our lee quarter. Both ships ran the "English Jack" to masthead while we ran up the Stars and Stripes which had no sooner caught the breeze than was saluted by the guns of both English ships. The ship on our weather side being the closest hailed us through his speaking trumpet when the following

dialogue took place: "Ship ahoy, tell me what ship is that? The Monticello; Where from? New London, Conn.; Where bound? Repulse Bay, with Captain Hall's Arctic Expedition on board, in search of Sir John Franklin. Now our Captain turned questioner. Ship ahoy, tell me what ship is that? The Prince Albert, my consort off your lee is The Prince Rupert; Where from? Liverpool, England; Where bound? To James Bay with stores for The Hudson Bay Trading Co. Next The Englishman hauled back his yards, lowered his boat and came on board, after being introduced to Captain Hall and his guides he invited them all aboard his ship to dine with him, it is needless to say that the invitation was accepted.

By this time the other English ship had come up close and backed his yards, we also backed ours.

I was surprised to see such young looking men as the English Captains seemed to be, in command of such large vessels in this dangerous latitude. They appeared to be no more than thirty or at most thirty five years old. The Captain's boat was lowered and

accompanied by Captain Hall, Joe and Hannah were soon aboard The Prince Albert where they were joined by the Captain of the Prince Rupert.

Shortly after this Helena H. came up lay to, and Captain Henry Chapell was signaled to come aboard The Prince Albert. As the day wore on the wind increased and by evening it was blowing a gale.

Mr. Chester had ordered all our light sail furled and by six o'clock when our Captain had returned we had put one reef in our fore-top-sail. Our Capt. immediately gave the mate the course to steer and went below. Captain Hall remained on deck for a couple of hours and remarked that the two brothers Captains E. A. and Henry Chapell, had a great argument with the English Captains as to the direction a certain island lay but could not convince the Englishmen that the blubber hunters, ~~as~~ they called us, were right.

Just now our attention was drawn to the Prince Albert who commenced putting on more sail soon followed by the Prince Rupert. The gale increased and we soon were under double-reefed top-sails scudding

along over the whit capped sea. Now at a signal the Englishmen changed their course about two full points of the compass to southward of course we were steering. The distance between us soon commenced to widen. They still kept increasing sail and we kept shortening sail as the wind increased. Capt. Hall went below and informed Capt. Chapell of the English Captains maneuvers. He soon was on deck and at a glance at our compass and an other at the fast receding ship exclaimed, "those ships are running straight for Mansfield Island and if they do not change their course will be on it before morning."

They are foolhardy fellows and carrying so much sail merely because we shortened ours. Then turning to the signal Haliards he signaled the Heema to come within hail. In a short time the schooner was close enough to be spoken, when through the trumpet he gave his brother the following order; "Henry, your schooner can discount those ships in sailing, double your lookout and follow

their course; or if they do not haul their wind they will be wrecks before eight bells tomorrow, we will follow under short sail."

Chap VI

The schooner laid its course after the disappearing ships and bounded through the waves at a rate that would soon bring us up with them. The wind kept increasing to midnight when it commenced to lull, leaving a very heavy sea. At midnight our watch came on duty. Mr. Chester doubled the lookouts and said if we did not hear more cannon before sunrise he was a "marine". Sure enough between one and two o'clock boom, boom, came the report over the water; then an interval of 10 or 15 minutes and the signal guns ran out again, the sign of a vessel in distress. Our Capt. was quickly called, and although the sea ran high, our ship squared away for Mansfield Island. In due time we sighted both English ships astern.

with our tender standing off and on rendering all the assistance in its power. The Prince Rupert was run ahead onto the rocks so far that the crew escaped by letting a boarding ladder down from the jib boom, and the Prince Albert was on a reef about 300 yards away from the Island.

They were not the brave mariners that had showed us how to carry sail in the "gale of wind" of last night and too much about the navigation of Hudson's bay to take any advice from what they termed "blubber hunters". But now as our ship and tender lay to a safe distance away, and we lowered our boats and came within hail their tone changed, it was "please stand by us till the sea calms down." After asking them if we could render them any assistance, they answered that the "Prince Albert was not any way injured: that they had noticed the misfortune of the Prince Rupert in time to avoid going on the Island, but in attempting to weather the reef under so much sail their top gallant masts had been carried away

and they had ran aground at the extreme edge of the reef, that at high tide they expected to get afloat and save the vessel, but for Gods sake stay near us until we are free". As the crew of the Albert were in no immediate danger and the crew of the Rupert were all on shore we pulled back to our ship and awaited sea to calm and flood tide to come. After leaving the Albert they threw overboard considerable of their cargo to lighten the ship, and as the tides are 16 feet here, before it had quite reached the flood, we heard a great cheer, on looking towards the Albert we saw all hands busy ^{it} engaged making sail, they were afloat again. The sun came out bright and clear and the sea soon calmed down. When our boats put off for shore, the crew of the Rupert had erected shelter out of old sails and were a disheartened set of English tars, they would willingly have traded places with us "blubber hunters" for their beautiful ship lay before them a total wreck. The Rupert had ran head on, with great force, at low tide you could walk

around the bow "dry shod" from the bow to midships she rested firmly on the rocks, but from midships to stern there was from 6 to 9 feet of water and at low tide the stern half settled with the tide thus breaking her in half mid-ships. The vessels were loaded with very valuable cargoes for the trading companies.

After the officers of the two ships had held a consultation, to which they invited the Captain of the "Blubber Hunter" it was thought best for the Prince Albert to take the crew of the Rupert on board and proceed to its destination, then to come back with the trading Co's. Schooner which could in fair weather be towed alongside the stern of the wreck and its cargo be transferred to the Prince Albert. After receiving the thanks of both the English crews, we squared away for our own destination. Our course was now for Marble Island where we would unload the house brought along from the states. As we were soon to be on whaling ground every calm, or light breeze we had was taken advantage of by the boat's crews lowering their boats and practicing. The green horns soon learned to dip, pull and feather.

an oar with the best oarsmen of St. Johns, after be-
 coming familiar with oars so as to get them into
 place in the bow-backs and "peak" them without
 any noise, we were then given lessons with paddles.
 These are only used when you are close onto a whale
 and must create no noise; you gently dip your
 paddle and make your stroke, then feather the pad-
 dle and move it forward for another stroke without
 removing it from the water, thus making no ripple or
 noise, in pulling at the oars the oarsman sits with
 his back towards the bow or the way the boat is going,
 in paddling you sit on the boat's gunwale facing
 the bow. After the paddles had been practised with,
 we went through the manouvers of a boat advancing
 onto whale under sail. On the centre of the bow thwart,
 was a piece of wood with a three inch hole in its centre
 fastened to the thwart by a heavy hinge, this was
 called a "mast step" and right beneath it was another
 small hole in the boat's keel called a "mast keel." The
 mast was 18 feet long and had a fore and aft, sail
 made of very light duck which was nearly furled about

The mast, the whole lying length ways of the boat between the oarsmen, when the order was given to take in oars and up sail the oars all came into their places without any noise. Then the Harbormaster guided the hulk of the mast through the "step" and the bow and mid-ship oarsman raised it to place.

The sheet passed by the trip oarsman to the "stroke" who made it fast, the stays from the mast-top made fast on both weather and lee gunwales and we were away under sail, every one of the boats crew had some work to perform and it all went like clock work, (One wheel of a clock starts all the others a going.)

One order at sea to shift a certain rope may effect a dozen others, and it is a sailor's duty to learn all this. I had went to sea to become a sailor and I improved every opportunity to learn, the mate had kindly lent me a boat's compass, which I had taken to the fore-castle and every idle minute I had put in learning to read it. The mariner's compass differs vastly from the surveyor's compass. The compass of the Monticello the needle was fixed on the under side of a circular piece of card board on which

There was a star of 64 rays each ray being either a whole point of which there was 32 or a half point of which there was 32. The north point of the card is immediately over the north end of the needle, and the card moves with the needle. The eight cardinal points are marked with the letters, N, S, E, W. and so on while the intermediate points have no marks but must be memorized by commencing at north and reading always to your right, "thus you are steering due north the next point would be north half east." The compass thus formed is enclosed in a cylindrical brass box, and in order that the compass may remain at all times horizontal in all positions of the ship, the frame is suspended by "Gimbals" inside the Binnacle in sight of the helmsman. Inside of the brass box, in the direction of the vessels bow, is a vertical black line called the "lubberline" and the helmsman's duty is to keep the point of the card that marks the given course always in contact with the black line.

There is great difficulty connected with arctic navigation arising from disturbing influence at work with the compass.

This deviation of the needle in Hudson's bay is so considerable that as you approach land the compass is rendered almost useless, sometimes the needle refuses to travel and will remain almost stationary, at other times you may be heading due north steering on the wind, and in 15-minutes the needle has made a complete circle. This our officers^{say} is called "Magnetic attraction". The next occurrence of interest to me was my promotion from landsman to ordinary seaman. I was busy on deck doing some circular work, the Captain was walking the quarter deck, and a St. John's man who had shipped as an ordinary seaman was at the wheel, Captain Chapell walked up, glanced at the compass and asked the helmsman his course, now as I have before stated there was 64 points on this circular card, and only eight of the 64 had initials, 56 looking all alike. The helmsman did not know for certain the name of the point at the black line and made a bad guess, next I heard the Captain call "Reddy" "Reddy" come here; I answered "aye, aye, sir;" (which is the regular sea salutation) when I arrived at the helm,

He asked me if I could ^{give} him the course the ship was steering. Now I had made a study of the compass and knew where to commence to read from, so I ran my eye around to the right and soon got the course, which was N.E. by N. $1\frac{1}{2}$ N. "Correct," says the Captain. The next question was: "If the wind is unfair and you cannot hold your course, what would you do?" My answer was: "I would steer full and by." "How do you do that?" "By keeping the weather leach of the top-sails shivering in the wind until I could reach my course again." His next question was, "Did you ever study navigation? How soon to understand the theory of working a vessel." "No, sir; but since I have been aboard this ship I have used all my spare time in studying the duties of a seaman." "Do you think you can steer the ship?" "I do not know until I try, sir," I answered. "Well, now is as good as any to learn." Then turning to the helmsman, he said, "The wheel is relieved, you can go forward," and turning to me he says: "'Buddy' take the weather side of the wheel and I will stand by as lee wheelman to assist, if needed." At the end of one hour and a half

four bells were struck and the relief came to take the next "trick" (a trick at the wheel is two hours) and from that time, every day the Monticello was under sail, till she arrived at her dock in New London, I took my regular trick at the wheel, fair weather or foul.

But what pleased most I was promoted to the grade of ordinary seaman, which ~~you~~^{would} entitle me to a better "lay" if we succeeded in filling our ship. As we were now on whaling ground, lookouts were doubled in the "crow's nest" and all lashings cast off from our boats, water andhardtack put on board each one, and every thing put in order for a speedy chase as soon as a whale was sighted. In due time we arrived off Marble Island, the place chosen to put up the house for the Tender's crew to live in the coming winter.

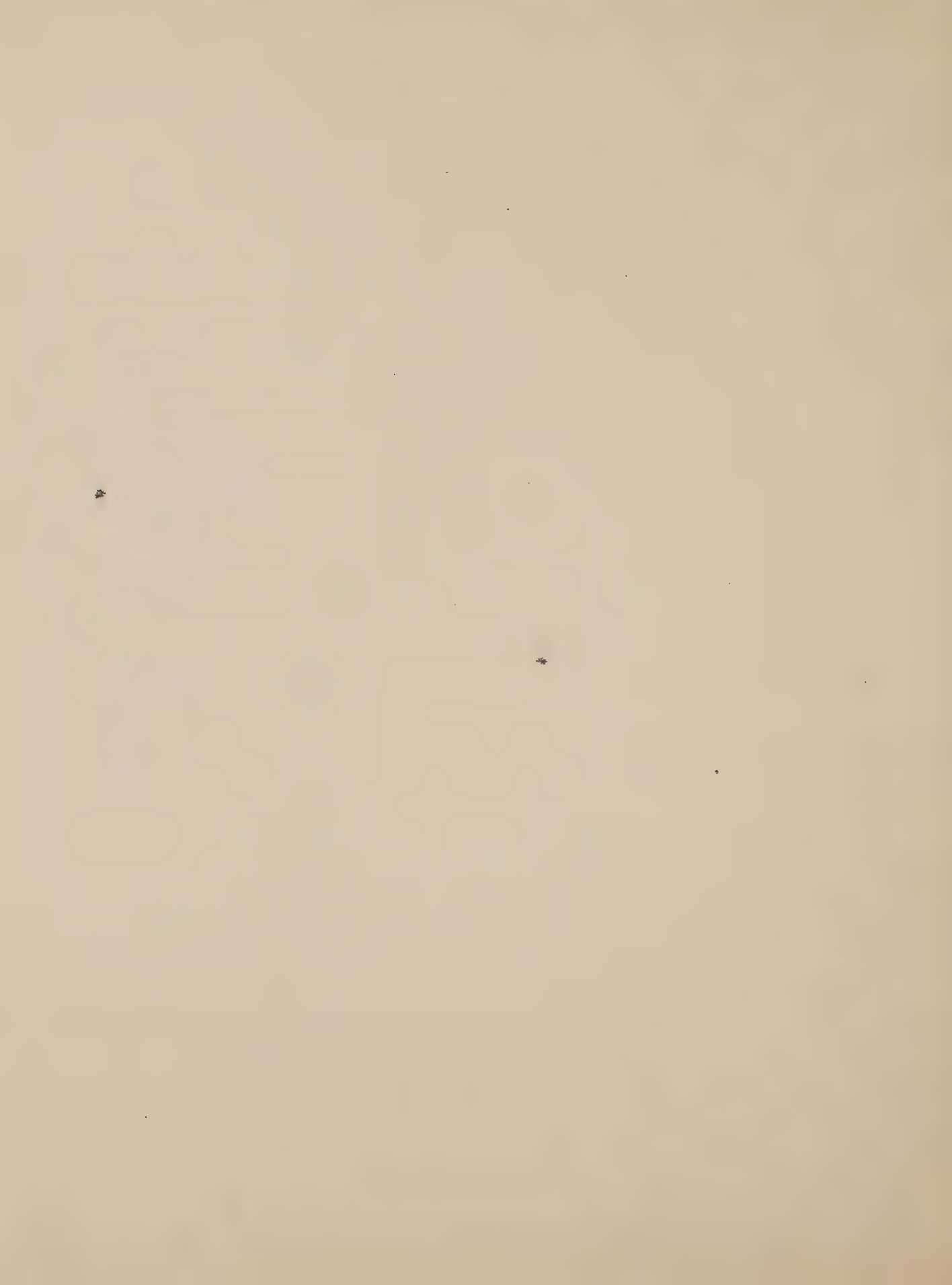
This island derived its name from the white marble like appearance of its rocks, which from a distance shine in the sunlight like silver. It is about 30 miles from the west shore of the bay and contains one of the best harbors in the north country, large enough and deep enough to winter the whole Hudson Bay whaling

flect. On the southern point of the island we discovered a small flag which Captain Chapell said meant "letters in the post office;" so our boat was lowered and we pulled for shore. On arriving at the flag we found a small cask with a hinge door in one side of it which, upon being opened, was found to contain an open letter, stating that three vessels had already passed the ice, but finding no signs of whales in the southern part of the bay had started for Repulse Bay, several degrees to the north of us. After adding our vessels name to the letter it was returned to the post office and we returned to our ship.

The appearance of the island from the sea does not indicate that there is a secure anchorage within it, but suddenly from out what looks from our deck like solid rock shoot a whale boat, which heads for us and soon we make out the form of the Captain of our tender at its head. As usual the Helena F. had outsailed us and is at anchor within the island harbor awaiting our arrival. As the breeze is light and fair we steer straight for the rocks. Soon the order rang

Through the ship, "Call all hands, take in all square
 sail," which was soon accomplished. The next order
 was "Clear away and lower boats; run out a tow line etc",
 and soon the four boats from the Monticello and the
 boat from the tender were ranged one ahead of the
 other on the tow line and piloted by Captain Chapell
 from the "Crow's nest" were pulling for the entrance
 of the harbor, which can only be entered in fair
 weather and on a calm sea. The few sails still set
 on the ship gave it a steady way and 30 men pulling
 at the oars moved it along quite lively. Soon the
 entrance was reached, where another boat from
 the tender joined the procession and we were soon in
 the best secured harbor of Hudson Bay, where we
 came to anchor close to shore in 10 fathoms of water.

As soon as the anchor chain ceased running out
 the order was given to up latches and pass the lumber
 on deck for the house. While this was being done the
 Captains succeeded to row around the harbor looking
 for a good location on which to erect it. The place fi-
 nally decided upon was a table rock on the south side,



some 50 feet from the water's edge. Many hands make light work and in a short time the lumber had been taken from the ship to shore, and as it is daylight now all the time we can put in good long days. After the frame of the structure was up some provisions and a tent was landed.

Then the carpenter from the tender and the blacksmith from the ship, with a landeman to be cook and general handy man, were left to complete the house. As soon as the boats had again been swung on their davits the order was given for all hands to man the windlass and to the tune of "Stormy Long" the anchor was soon hanging at the "cat heads," head sails set, the boats again lowered and manned, the hawser run over the bow and towlines bent on our "shanty man" (as the leading singer is called) started the tune familiar to all sailors, "The West Countryman." Then came the order to "give way hearties;" 30 oars flashed in the sunlight and 30 men bent to the work as one man, the oars keeping time to the music, and everyone that had any

music in his composition joining in the chorus.

We soon had our vessel again out in the open bay and under full sail for the north. The tender being a small vessel came out of the harbor without any difficulty, towed by her own crew; and soon overhauled us. The order was now passed for all hands to keep a sharp lookout, while on duty, for Hous. On the run to Repulse Bay not a spout was seen, and our officers said that the whales must have left the Bay. In due time we ran in close to the main land north of Wager river and landed Captain Hall and his Esquimaux guides and all his stores for his Arctic explorations. Captain Hall expected to meet the natives at this point but they had not yet arrived from King William's land, farther to the north. Good-byes were spoken as Captain Hall shook the hand of each man of the crew and ^{and} all wished him god-speed in mission of solving the mystery of Sir John Franklin and his men. On leaving the side of the ship to take ^{his} seat in the boat Captain Hall turned and stood on the top

of the ship's rail and addressed us in the following words: "Officers and men of the Monticello, as now the time has arrived when our path divides, yours to prosecute a search for the Leviathan of the deep, and mine to travel over that region of ice and snow - the unknown north. I cannot leave your ship without thanking all of you for the kindness shown me on all occasions. This, my second voyage, that is about to begin here, is made in the cause of humanity and science, for geographical discovery and for the sole view of accomplishing good to mankind, for I firmly believe that traces of the lost Franklin expedition can yet be found, and devote my life to solve the mystery connected with it. Kind friends, once more, adieu." Our crew gave the explorer three cheers and the stars and stripes were run to mast head in honor of the event. Captain Hall, not to be outdone in patriotism, caught up his small boat flag and waved it over his head. Here we leave this remarkable man for the time being. His only companions were Eberling and his wife, To-koo-lito, who had ac-

accompanied him on his former voyage. It was his
 great ambition to reach King William's Land before
 the long Arctic winter sets in, as now he can use
 his boat, but when winter once commences all tra-
 veling is done with sleds drawn by dogs. We now
 cruised as far north in Repulse Bay as we could
 go without again entering pack ice, and met and
 spoke to several vessels, all of whom gave the same
 answer, "a clean ship," which means they had not taken
 any whales yet. Whalers, as a rule, like to see a
 greasy ship, for then they know that money is being
 coined out of blubber and bone. After starting south
 again we experienced the worst gale of the voyage
 thus far. It lasted for seventy or eighty hours. Half
 of the time it sleeted or snowed, but the worst of all
 to contend with was a heavy fog that forced us to lay-
 to. Here was displayed the seamanship of our officers,
 everyone of whom prided himself on his seaman-
 ship. In fact he must be a thorough sailor and
 carry a level head or he can never be an officer. A
 slight miscalculation in giving a command or delay

in letting go certain ropes would be fatal to the ship. For the time the gale raged all hands were on duty. Wet from the sea that was continually breaking over us, cold from the snow and sleet, and hungry for the reason that the cook could not keep the white caps out of his galley fire long enough to make us coffee, we were tossed at the mercy of wind and rain. Our Captain was on duty all the time ever and anon trying to penetrate the gloom that surrounded us. I overheard him say to our second mate, Mr. Binkes, that he was more afraid of pack ice being driven by the wind overhauling us and ripping us than any other danger, as he thought we had plenty of sea room. Finally the force of the gale was broken, but it left the sea very rough. The fog commenced to break away; more sails were set; both Captain and Mate stood amidships with quadrants in hand watching to catch a glimpse of the sun as they had no observation for three days, consequently did not know our latitude or longitude. Suddenly the cry rang

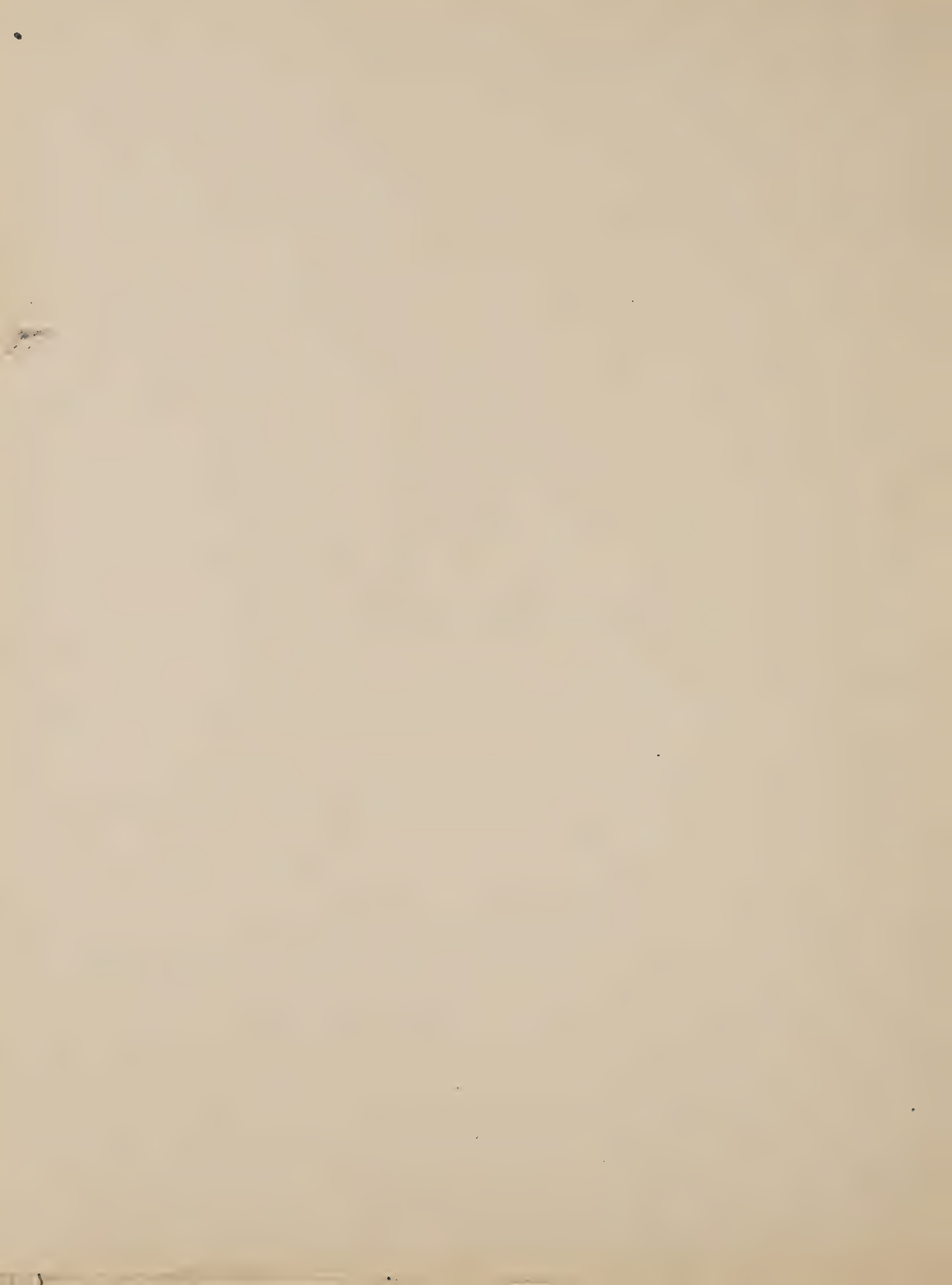
Throughout the ship "Land ahead!" "Hard down the helm", shouted the Captain. We knew the next order would be to wear ship, and every man sprang to his place as the order came to "let go and haul lively, men! lively, men!" Braces were soon rounded in and we were going on the other tack in the opposite direction. Soon the fog came through the fog banks and we could see the bold rocky shore from which we so narrowly escaped by the providential lifting of the fog, as the elements were making so much noise that we had failed to hear the breaking of the surf on the shore. In the middle of the broad Atlantic with plenty of sea room a gale is easily rode out as a vessel has plenty of room in which to drift, but it is a different matter to be caught in a narrow water in Hudson's Bay as it abounds with numerous islands and its currents are very strong. After our officers had succeeded in getting an observation and worked up the latitude it was found we were close to Chesterfield inlet on the west side of the bay. Our officers were still of the opinion



That the gale had started the ice pack in the direction of our winter quarters and we must try and reach there first or we might get caught and frozen up in it and drift all winter, we could see that our officers were very uneasy and they would take turns going up to the "crow's nest" and scanning the horizon through the telescope, at the same time we were making all possible headway for Depot Island the place selected for winter quarters, and also keeping a bright look-out for whales. As yet no sail had been sighted since the gale abated, has our tender and the other vessels come out of it safe or gone downⁱⁿ it.

Chap. VII

We have finally sighted Depot Island and the out look from mast head reported three ships at anchor in the harbor. Speculation is rife as what vessels they are. The same spoken in Repulse Bay, or others that have been cruising in the Bay and reached Harbor before the terrible gale. In due time we entered the Harbor



and let go an anchor. The vessels here are The bark Concordia, of Sag Harbor, N. Y.; schooner Cornelia and bark Ansil Gibbs, of New Bedford, Mass., all "clean."

During The evening Three more arrivals were reported, one of which had its try work going, busily engaged in trying out oil. They were The Georgiana, with 500 barrels of oil, bark Northern Light, with 700 barrels, both of New London, Conn., and bark Black Eagle, of New Bedford, Mass., 150 barrels. The first two were homeward bound as they had wintered here last season and run in to make some repairs from the effects of The late gale. As these two vessels would start in a few days home, all hands were told they could get letters written to send along. These ships reported whale very scarce this season as they had taken but one since fishedge whaling in June, and that was taken by The Black Eagle, a vessel intending to winter. The Captains of two homeward bound advised us to up anchor and accompany them back through Hudson's Straights and go to Northumberland Outlet as, in their opinion, there were no whales in

Hudson's Bay. The Captain of The Monticello called a meeting of The "skippers" and a vote was taken whether they would remain and winter or make effort to reach The inlet. The vote stood four to remain and one to go. That settled the question with us. The Harbor we were now in was to be our winter quarters whether or no whales and run the risk of filling next season. The Monticello is the only vessel of The seven now in The harbor that came out of The gale unscathed. The rest lost sails, boats, spars, etc., all, experienced more or less damage.

As The wind has changed to southeast it has become warmer, and there is no danger of the pack ice closing in on us this side of The bay.

On the morning of August 30th, the homeward bound vessels commenced taking up their anchors preparatory to leaving Depot Island. Our letters were taken aboard one of them, sails were loosened and they soon to the merry tune of "The Fisherman's Song," hauled home their "shuts" and got under weigh. The crews were all joyful at the

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prospect of soon seeing home and kindred. We were correspondingly depressed, for we knew that our last chance to communicate with the outside world had departed for one year at least. On the evening our schooner came into the harbor looking as trim and neat as if such a thing as a gale had never crossed her path. She had the good fortune to be a landlocked bay when the gale came on, when she let go both anchors and rode it out without being damaged in the least. The Captain of the tender had spoken to several ^{vessels} that we had not seen, all of whom had the same story to relate, viz: "That whaling was a failure this season in Hudson's Bay". Some were vessels homeward bound having from 300 to 500 barrels of oil each, others were leaving the bay for other whaling grounds. In all there were now ten vessels left to winter in the bay; five are to winter here at Hebert Harbor and the other five at Marble Island, 60 miles south-west of here. It was now concluded to tow the Monticello into the inner

harbor within one mile of the main land and moor her for the winter, while the First Mate, Mr. Chester, and Third Mate, Mr. Taylor, would take their boats and crews aboard the tender and proceed south on a cruise that would last for two or more weeks before going into winter quarters.

With the Captain's permission the tub oarsman of the Second Mate's boat changed places with me, and I remained aboard the bark. After the departure of the tender we had a weeks hard work unbending and stowing our sails in the sailroom, taking down top mast, pumping out water from casks we had filled at home for ballast of which we had about 200 barrels, and getting everything ready for winter, which was soon to commence.

After getting the vessel stripped of her canvass we put up a deckhouse so as to completely cover the deck to amidship which will protect the after part of the ship during the long winter from snow and blizzards. On the evening of September 9th, two more vessels ran into winter quarters, the

George and Mary, Captain Jaffries, of New London, with 5 ~~or~~ barrels of oil, and Concordia, of Sag Harbor, L. I., Capt. Rodgers, "Clean ship" both anchored a cable length from us. We are now allowed to go gunning every day for ducks and geese which are seen here covering acres of water. They are larger than the few stray wild ducks that visit our streams of Pennsylvania^{and} are very heavily feathered, are hard to kill with fine shot, but we succeeded in getting from 40 to 50 per day which makes quite a change in our bill of fare.

On September 15th, the three captains spent the day on the mainland hunting rindur and succeeded in getting but one, although they saw quite a number. On the 16th Mr. Binks lowered his boat and we took a cruise to Mussel river, ten miles south of our harbor, where, at low tide, we gathered several bushels of mussels, which are found fast to the rocks: 17th September is the first that I made any note of the thermometer, it being 12 degrees below freezing and snowed all day. September 20th,

our tender returned and ran into harbor. The rough water of the last few days and seeing no whale made them return sooner than expected. Our two boat crews came aboard and we went to work getting the balance of the tender's winter stores on deck to load at low tide.

Sept. 21, tender hauled alongside at 7 o'clock, a. m. and made fast; by 4 P. M., her stores were stowed.

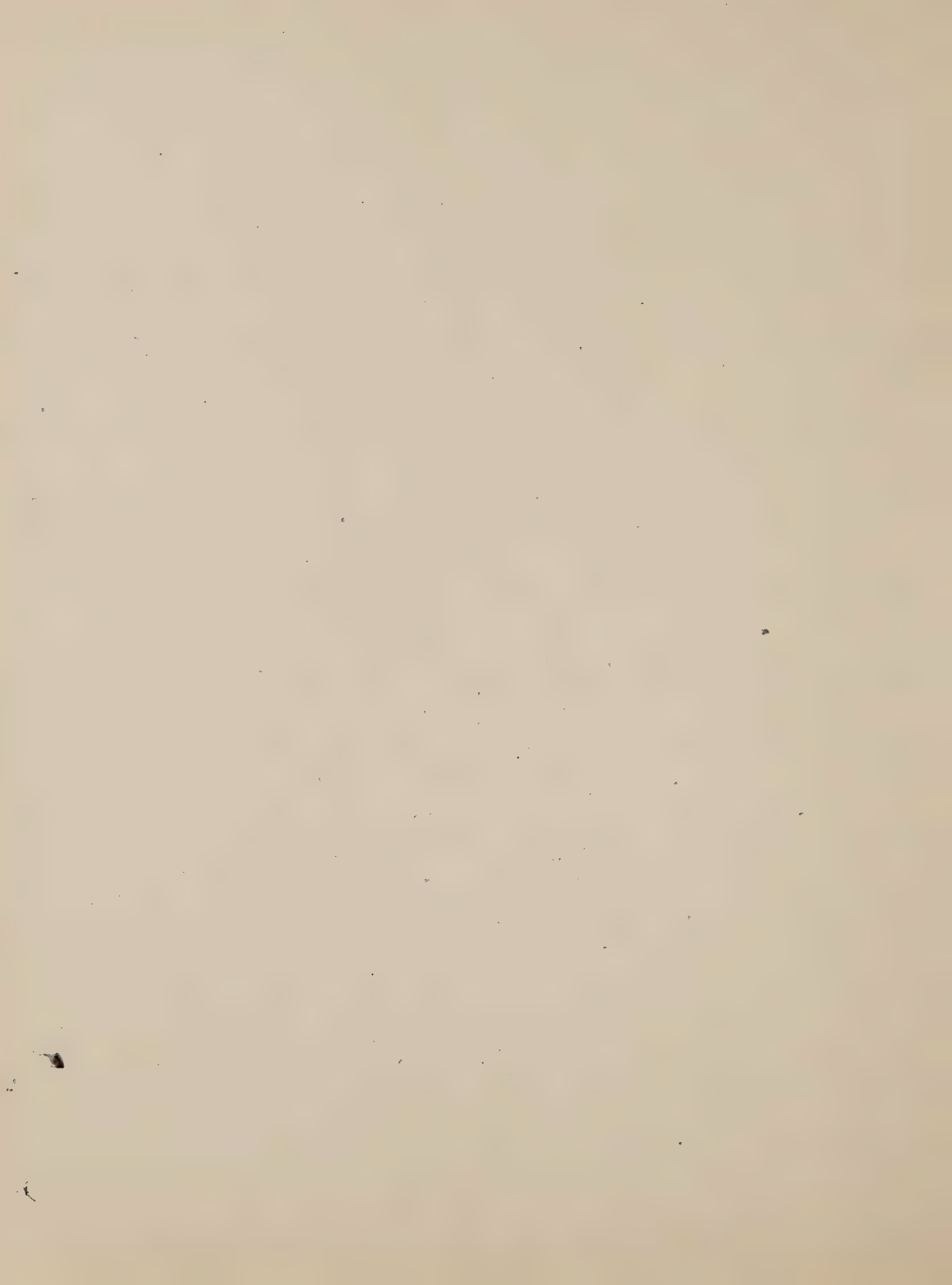
Mr. Chester and his boat's crew are to winter with the tender, so their baggage was taken on board; in the evening the tender sailed for her winter quarters at Marble Island. 22d, two more ships entered winter quarters, The Black Eagle, Capt. White, of New Bedford, 150 barrels of oil, and The Antelope, Capt. Tyson, also of New Bedford, 350 barrel of oil.

The Antelope got no oil in the bay. She had left the States in April and caught the whales in Davis Straits, off the Coast of Greenland early in the season, since when she had not seen any.

Now as all the ships are here that intend wintering in this harbor each captain lowered his boat and

and chose a place to moor his ship. Our Captain being the oldest whalerman in this region (having wintered in this harbor six winters) was allowed to select the first position, which was selected in six fathoms of water, at low-tide, and a buoy planted to mark the spot. The Black Eagle planted her buoy off our starboard bow; The George and Mary off the starboard bow, Concordia off the port quarter, and Antelope off the starboard quarter, each vessel having room enough in case of a gale to pay out 100 fathoms of chain without fouling each other. The positions marked off seventeen boats were lowered and the vessels towed in and moored in the order as named. It was a beautiful sight to see 102 men, comprising people of a dozen nationalities pulling the vessels to anchorage. The boats were all placed one ahead of another, and as soon as the anchor was swung at the bow the command would be given to "give way," and as soon as the vessel touched the buoy the starboard anchor of each and every ship would be let go. After all had been

Towed to their stations 20 fathoms of chain was
 run out on each ship's starboard anchor. Then
 a ledger (small anchor) with line attached, was run
 out ahead of each ship. The end passed to each
 windlass and the head of each vessel turned as near
 due north as possible. Then the large stand by
 anchors, as the port ones are called (which on our ship
 weighed 4500 pounds) was let go. The idea being to
 get the anchors about fifty feet apart but a-
 breast of each other. After this is done the "ledgers"
 are taken in and one chain shortened and the
 other lengthened until both anchor chains are of
 equal length. This is called mooring ship and re-
 quires a great deal of work and when well done
 the ship is all ready for freezing in. The harbor
 has ample room for as many more ships. We are
 almost surrounded by reefs and small isl-
 ands which make us entirely safe from ice
 packs. The main land is distant about one mile.
 Now our work until winter commences is done;
 hunting and fishing has commenced in earnest.



and our tables are well supplied with seal, deer, ducks and fish. On September 30th, Mr. Binks took the whaling gear all out of his boat and put in a tent charcoal stove, camp equipage, provisions, &c., for a weeks hunting and exploring.

Each man was furnished with a Springfield musket (about as dangerous at one end as the other), powder, balls and shot. As this is to be a pleasure trip we do not intend to do much work with the oars but use our sails wherever possible.

The first day we made about 40 miles and encamped for the night near a river. I was elected or rather pressed in as cook. During the evening we were joined by Mr. Smith, Mate of the George and Mary, and his boat's crew. The next morning we took a hunt inland and saw 16 reindeer but could not get within range of them. The country is nothing but rocks covered with moss and lichen, no timber of any kind, nothing but a dwarf willow growing in the crevices between the rocks somewhat like currant bushes at home. After

dinner of hardtack we again launched our boat and proceeded on our way. We passed through great flocks of ducks and by evening we had bagged enough to last ^{us} a week and ceased killing them. This evening we camped on the bank of a ^{large} river, which is marked on the maps of this region as Chesterfield Inlet, enough of our ducks were skinned to do for supper and breakfast (ducks are not dressed in this country by plucking out the feathers, but are skinned like a fox, as the skins make the best of stockings by turning the feather side in). The third day out we put in exploring the river. We proceeded up for about 20 miles, when we were stopped by the ice. On coming down the river a deer was seen and a landing was made, but as the tide was running strong one man had to take care of the boat, which I volunteered to do. The rest of the crew went in pursuit of the deer and succeeded in getting one out of a drove of eight. Reindeer grow very large, the one killed would weigh about 400



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pounds and was a dirty white color. The flesh looks and tastes more like beef than venison.

Here we ran across an Esquimaux cemetery containing ten or twelve graves. As there is no ground in which to dig the grave a large level surfaced rock is selected for the site of the burial ground. Then smaller rocks and stones are carried and walls built around the bodies to protect them from the wild animals; but foxes and wolves generally find a way of gaining access and the bones of the dead are scattered around the vicinity.

Now having plenty of fresh meat to last until our return ^{to the ship} we sailed to explore some islands several miles off shore. When we pitched our tent for the night the weather has changed to be very cold and we have concluded ^{to return} to the ship. So the morning of the fifth day we squared away with a strong breeze, making about ten miles an hour, and reached the ship without landing anywhere on the return voyage. October 7th 22 degrees below freezing, winter has commenced in good shape. To-day

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we cleared out between decks a room 26x40 feet and put up a large stove. Ice is forming around our ship fast, all hands are on duty now during the day and only one man at a time from 8 o'clock night to 8 o'clock morning. This is called the "anchor watch" and is apportioned among the sailors only (the officers and boat-steerers being exempt). It is made in two hour shifts and only brings on duty every other night. October 10th snowed 6 inches, busy to-day making harness with which to haul ice from shore for water during the winter and to haul our boats next spring, for edge whaling. The harness is made of old rope parted up and a wide piece braided to go over the shoulder, then to this is attached a piece of 3/8 rope 3 feet long with a large bone ring on the end, which fastens it to the sled rope. The whole harness complete is called a "Rhu-sady." Every man must have one, and some are made very fancy with ivory rings on them. The rings are turned by Mr. Binkes on a lathe brought along for the purpose, out of

walrus tusks and whale ribs. The only work we have to do now is to get everything in order for winter. The balance of the time is spent in visiting on board the different ships, which is called "gamming". October 19th - 2 degrees below zero. We have put up three thermometers in the most exposed position against the deck house, one mercury, one ether and one self-registering - spirite. October 20th - 6 degrees below zero and the ships froze in. Our large stove between decks was fired to-day, it burns anthracite coal, the feeder holds one bushel at a time and one filling will last 12 hours. The bulkhead next the forecabin was taken down so the surplus heat from the stove will keep our bunks from dampness, as the great cold outside and the heat inside keeps the sides of the ship very damp. The scuttle leading to the forecabin, forehatch and main-hatch were all battened down and covered with tarred canvas, called "tarpaulin", so as to exclude the cold. We all pass below by the mizzen hatch inside of the deck house.

11. 11. 11

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October 23d - 14 degrees below zero. Every one who can skate is out on the ice enjoying themselves, but only for a few minutes at a time, the cold is so piercing that they soon scatter to their respective ships to warm. Our officers tell us this is the most trying time of the winter. ^{as} We become acclimated our blood thickens and the cold will not seem as intense. October 24th - 14

degrees below zero. Today all hands were called, after the sun had risen, to man the ice saws.

We sawed the ice away on the starboard side so as to draw the ship's stern about 50 feet more to the south, making it head as near north as possible. This was done on account of nearly all the heavy winter storms coming from the north and northwest and if we laid broadside in that direction we would be covered with snow drifts.

The other vessels of the fleet did not change their positions but lay as they froze in. The next thing on our program was to turn all our boats over on top the deck house, cover them with tarpaulins

and lash them fast so they could not be blown away during the Arctic blizzards that were sure to come. October 26th - We loaded our ice-cutting machinery on a sledge and sixteen men hitched onto the sledge rope and proceeded ashore to a small lake. There we cut and piled ice for winter use. We found the ice eighteen inches thick and clear as crystal. The cutting was continued until we had cut about 200 tons. Each ship put up about the same amount.

All water used aboard a ship in the winter in the Arctic country for cooking and drinking must be melted from ice cut on the ponds and small lakes, which ~~are very~~ are very numerous here. The salt water of the ocean is useless for cooking purposes and even the snow that falls on the ice is so fused with the salt that when melted it becomes "brackish" and is unfit for use. The distance we haul the ice from the lake to the ship is about two miles and we load from two to two and one half tons per load. We always keep a good quantity on hand.

for use and have a large cask, holding 15 barrels of water, standing within two feet of our large stove, which is replenished with ice twice every 24 hours. Outside the ship, close by the gang plank, we keep a hole cut through the ice, which is opened three or four times a day and at midnight.

Around this hole twelve fire buckets are suspended so in case of fire there will be no trouble getting water. Now as all the work of any consequence is over until next spring and the Arctic night is fast approaching, our officers posted what was known as the "Health Rules", which read somewhat as follows: Watches begin at 9 o'clock night, and all hands are called at 7 o'clock morning. No one is allowed in his bunk between the calling of hands in the morning and 9 o'clock night without a permit from an officer. Every pleasant day must exercise at least one hour on the ice skating, playing ball or hauling ice from shore. These rules are strictly adhered to throughout the long winter.

Chap VIII

At 9 o'clock P.M. whoever had the first watch looked to see if the great stove needed any coal or the draft turned on or off; if everything was in order he could sit down and read or dream of faraway home for half an hour. Every half hour he would have to make a tour of the ship to see that all was right. At the end of his watch of two hours he would wake the man who was to relieve him and turn in. Thus it went on every two hours a new man went on until 7 o'clock in the morning came around, when all hands were called, stoves shook up, decks swept, stove raked down and ashes sifted, coal got up for the next 24 hours. Then came breakfast and about noon, if nice weather, "Boys get on your 'Rhovradies' and away for a load of ice;" or all hands ordered onto the ice to beat the crew of some other vessel at a game of foot ball.

A great deal of this appeared to me to be of no importance, as I thought having nothing to do during the long winter days we might as well have passed our time in reading, sleeping, &c., but

I soon changed my mind. This exercise we must have, as this country is subject to one of the most deadly of diseases known to medical science, called "scurvy", and before Arctic voyagers knew how to combat it they lost in some cases almost entire crews. Exercise and plenty of it, together with seal, walrus, deer, &c., eaten raw and lime juice and potato juice drank morning and evening and you will almost always escape this loathsome disease. On the other hand be dirty and slovenly, lie in your bunk while your shipmates are exercising, throw away your share of the lime juice because it is too sour and the potato juice because it is too sweet and I guarantee you the scurvy before you pass one-half an Arctic winter. On the night of October 2nd a grand ball was given on the quarter deck of the Monticello, which was attended by all the Captains and Mates of the fleet, together with all the sailors, except those on duty as shipkeepers. The music was furnished by the Hudson Bay orchestra, composed of

musicians from all the ships (fifteen in number) and led by Robert Linwood, a one-time noted "burnt cork artist," of Boston minstrel fame. The dancers were composed of Cannucks from the Sandwich Islands, white Portuguese from the Azores, black Portuguese from Cape de Verd Islands, Narragansett Indians from Conn., English, Welsh, Scotch and proverbial downcast Yankee. It was a motley gathering and it all ended at midnight with a grand walk around all hands singing the Star Spangled Banner. These dances will be kept up once a week during the winter as they are claimed to be first class scenery presentations. The weather now continued moderate till the first week of November, during which time we played ball, cricket and various other game on the ice.

On Nov. 1st we commenced removing stores from between decks of the bark Antelope preparatory to making a hall for entertainments as it is the highest ship here between decks and will admit of a low stage for performers. We have a stage across one end 16x28 feet and an audience room 24x28 feet. On Nov. 4th 1864, The Hudson Bay Dramatic Company was organized, a constitution drawn

up and signed by all the officers who pledged their support and promised to ^{do} all in their power to make it a success, as they considered it one of the best modes of passing the long winter as it would prove beneficial to the health and enjoyment of all. The property man of the company made a canvass of the ships and everyone contributed something towards getting up costumes for the performers. As nearly every officer of the fleet had wintered in the north country before, they knew what was needed to fit up the ~~theatre~~ Theatre, and I was surprised at the amount of stage scenery, curtains, &c., brought to light from the ships Black Eagle and Waterloo, of New Bedford, and our own Monticello. I was informed by Mr. Dinks that the Theatres of the seaport cities of New London and New Bedford contributed all this scenery and stage fixtures to vessels wintering in the Arctic regions for nothing. They had also contributed a number of costumes for the casts of plays that had been discarded for others. So with what was brought out from home and a shirt contributed by one,



a pair of pants or a coat by another, The propertyman soon had as good an outfit at his disposal as some of the traveling troupes in civilized America. Next a canvass was made for persons who were willing to take part in the performances.

Among the crews were a number of men of education, who were not sailors by preference but by necessity; men who while under the influence of ruin were taken up by shipping sharks and put aboard ships as landsmen. Among this class there were three men who had been members of traveling troupes, one of ^{whom} Ed. Rowe, of Boston, belonged to the Monticello and became "star" of the company. Each ship was required to furnish two to take female parts in the plays. Our ship again furnished the "star" in the feminine role in the person of my friend Algic. Now the only rivalry that existed between the crews of the ships during that long Arctic winter commenced, each crew tried to have the best dressed girls and it was surprising to see the amount of finery those

old grey-headed "blubber hunters" had stowed away in their state rooms. For that purpose silk, velvet, broadcloth, lace, gold and silver tinsel, beads, and even ladies hats that had cost \$5 and \$6 were produced. Most all old sailors are good tailors, and out of the material at hand costumes were produced that would have made Worth, the man milliner of Paris, turn green with envy. Mr. Binks, our Second Mate, was chosen musical director.

He was a great violinist, only surpassed by the renowned Norwegian Ole Bull. This narrative would not be complete without giving a description of Mr. Binks, who was my friend of all friends; he was a half-breed Norraganset Indian; a man of 4 in. in his bare feet and weighed 234 pounds. He had followed the sea for 35 years and had been with Captain Whipple for eleven voyages, sometimes as First Mate, and others as Second, a thorough sailor, a great musician, a kind officer and a noble friend. Mr. Binks was the idol of the crew, a giant in stature and a Hercules in strength. He took

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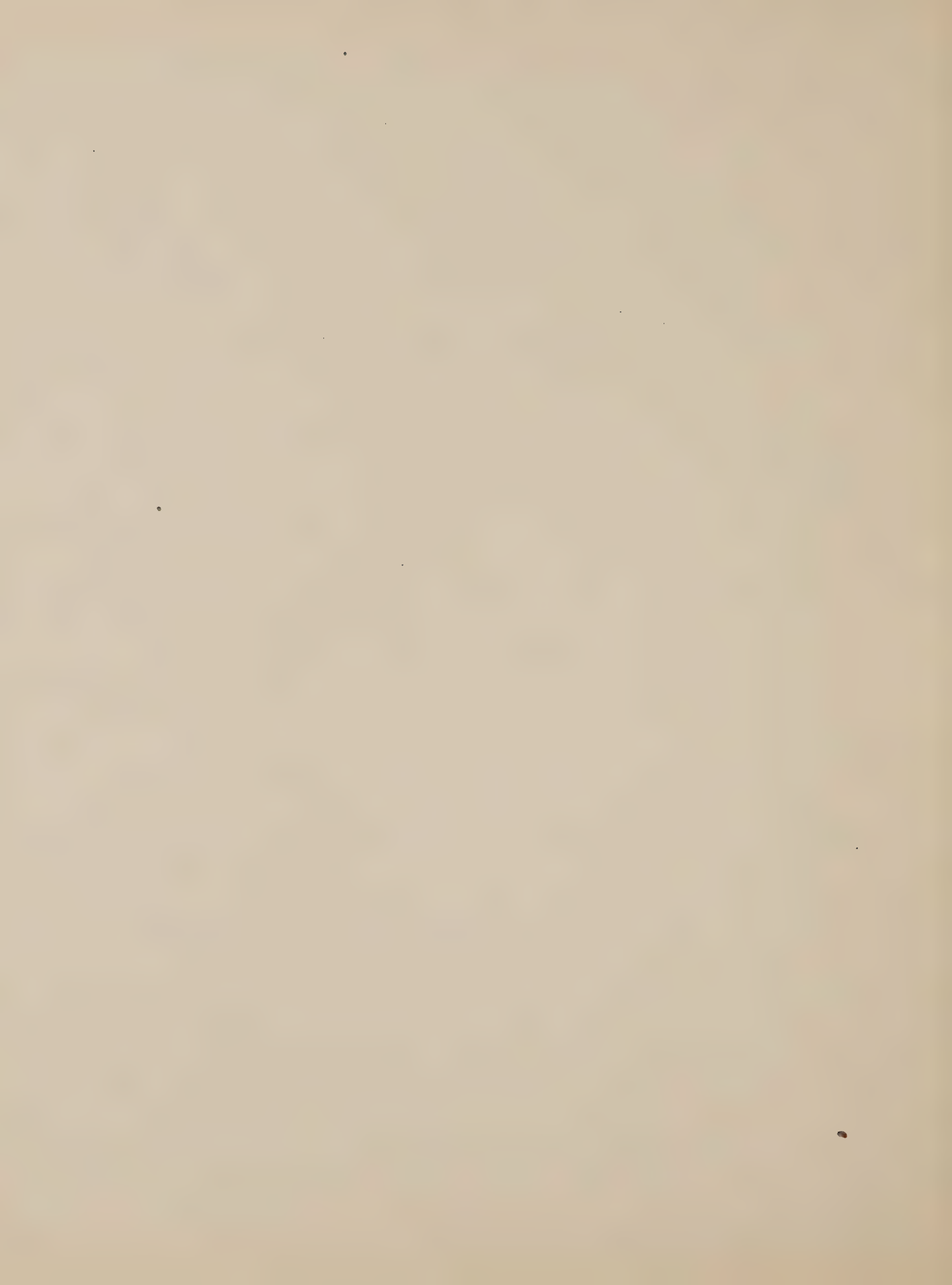
part in all work as well as in all sports and plays; he was master of ceremonies for the winter and all commands coming from him were considered simple requests and were met cheerfully obeyed. Although Indian blood predominated over the white he was as gentle as a child to the sick and suffering, but not unto one that tried to shirk their share of work when he commanded it done. Double duty was their portion then. One week was spent in getting costumes ready and casting the characters for the plays "Luke the Laborer" and "Solene the Statue". Next came rehearsals for another week, and on the night of November 16th a large audience gathered to witness the dedication of our new theatre on board the Antelope. At 7:30 The Hudson's Bay orchestra played a few selections and promptly at 8 o'clock the curtain rang up with the stage set for the opening act in "Luke the Laborer". My shipmate Rowe as "Luke" proved a great success, and everyone, for the short time they had for preparation,

did well. Next came The "Blond Statuo" with Mr.
 Montgomery, Fourth Mate of The Antelope, as the star.
 After three hours enjoyment everyone departed
 well pleased with the first grand entertain-
 ment given by The Dramatic company. Novem-
 ber 11th one of ~~the~~ since Arctic snow storms com-
 menced which raged for 48 hours. Snow fell
 to the depth of three feet, and a peculiarity of
 the country is that as soon as a snow storm comes
 a crust immediately forms to the depth of
 several inches, so that travel is not inconveni-
 enced in the least by the great depth. As we
 now had plenty of snow our hands commenced,
 Nov. 20th with the thermometer registering 17 degrees
 below zero, to bank ship. We first drew a line
 eight feet from the ship completely around
 it. Then while some cut great blocks out of
 the snow crust others laid a wall of the snow
 blocks facing on this line, while still others fill-
 ed in the loose snow between the wall and the
 ship. We worked off and on about ten days before

our work was completed, when our ship looked like a huge snow drift. About this time - Robert Linwood organized The first minstrels that ever appeared in Hudson's Bay, and from their first to last appearance they were a drawing card. They burlesqued all the plays of The Dramatic Company besides originating several new ones. Now between Theatre every Wednesday night and minstrels every Friday night we had plenty of enjoyment. All spare time was put in in the rehearsals for the two companies. Nov. 23d.

The Dramatic Company tonight played 'The Robbers of the Black Cove' and 'Bombastus Furioso' to a crowded house. On the 25th the minstrels gave their evening. Corncross and Slocum would 'have been' nowhere with the end men of this combination, but ^{not} cork and curly headed artists.

Nov. 26th. The coldest day yet experienced; 33 degrees below zero. We all kept close in doors as the wind is whistling through the rigging at a 50 mile gale. About noon we heard a great commotion



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outside our ship, dogs howling and sailors yelling. On getting outside we heard the shout; "The Esquimaux are coming!" On looking to the north we discovered two dog teams advancing of eight dogs in each team and dogs howling for joy. They ^{were} soon surrounded by the sailors who thought all about the extreme cold in the strange sight of seeing dogs harnessed to sledges. There was but one native with each team and they had come to see if any ships were wintering in Depot Harbor, when they would return and bring on the tide. The dogs were turned loose to forage, while the Monticello entertained the visitors. Our visitors were delayed in their departure by another snow storm. Our ship is covered by a huge drift and we had to make a tunnel from the deck house to the gang-way. All you can see of any ship of the fleet is the masts above the snow. Truly we are in the North Pole country with snow six feet deep on the level, drifts 30 feet high and thermometer 40 degrees below zero. Now the meals are served at

at the same hour for all the crew. The fore-castle elected a Captain of the mess whose duty is to divide or portion out whatever is brought forward for the sailors. Breakfast and dinner is generally eaten without much noise, but when supper is announced the scene changes, the "kids" containing the beef and pork are placed before the mess Captain. Then the shanty man starts up either of the following tunes, viz., "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave", "Three Black Crows" or "Old Horse", for six or more months no supper was eaten on board our ship without singing before the meal, the last was the favorite and was sang oftener than the others and ran as follows: Old Horse; old horse what brought you here? From Hoank Town, to New London Sir. Hard kicks and sad abuse, sat you down for sailors use. On December first Mr. Binks informed me that the "Old Man" (as the Captain is sometimes called) wanted to see me in his cabin, and that he had come to escort me into his august presence. Like a good sailor I obeyed.

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The summons wondering what was wanted. When we arrived in the cabin we found Captain Chapell at a table strewn with charts and nautical instruments, busy taking some measurements and making corrections on the coast line chart of Hudson's Bay from his log book, he told us to be seated a few moments until he made a few more entries, then turning to me said, Kiddy; would you like to study navigation? if you do we expect to stay in this harbor at least six months yet, and Mr. Binks and myself will lend you books, charts and instruments, and give you all the assistance we can in the study, you can move your traps from forward into Mr. Binks' stateroom, where there is a spare berth and be assistant to the steward during our stay here. You will be exempt from watch duty and will have no outdoor work to do unless for exercise, and during your stay in the cabin you will have all night in and eat at our table, it is needless to say that I moved my traps aft that very day and

was soon taking my first lessons in navigation out of Bouditch's Epidermis and learning the use of the different nautical instruments. I had often heard mention of the saying "according to Gunter" I soon found where it originated from, when I commenced my study, as one of the first rules I encountered one of the principal rules of navigation was the "Rule of Gunter" and I found, it after getting familiar with the theoretical part, I then commenced the practical part with the use of sextant, quadrant and, how to work up latitude and longitude, taking time ~~sea~~, all this took considerable time and I found it a very pleasant study and received valuable aid from Mr. Binks.

In my study of geography at school I knew that latitude commenced at the equator, but by my study soon found that latitude is the angle made by two lines drawn from the earth's centre, the one to the centre, the other to the equator at the point where it is crossed by the meridian of the place. Latitude is reckoned from the equator being being

north latitude and south of the equator being
 south latitude, and counting 0 degrees latitude
 at the equator and 90 degrees at the poles either north
 or south, longitude is reckoned along the equator
 from the first meridian, but it is not supplied as
 in the case of latitude with a fixed starting
 point, so each nation has chosen its first meridian.
 American and English navigators, using Greenwich
 in England and Washington in the United States
 their first meridian, going from New London Conn.
 to Hudson's Bay we use Greenwich as our meridian
 and compute longitude as west. The difference be-
 tween Washington time and Greenwich time is six
 hours, coming back our meridian will be Washington
 and our longitude east. The determination both of
 latitude and longitude depends upon astronomical
 observation, which are taken with quadrant and sex-
 tant, and as you must have either sun or fixed
^{star} and also a horizon, we could only take practical
 lessons on bright, clear days and nights, and use
 a plate of molasses for a horizon, as the ice and

snow caused such a glimmer that you cannot get a true observation. As the cold increased in severity we had less outside exercise but between theatre and minstrels all hands had their share of fun and no one got home sick. My duties as assistant Steward were very light and I had plenty of time to study, and also had free access to the ships library and could pass my time reading such works as "McCaulys History of England," Waverley, Scotts, and Dickens, and a variety of other useful books. I also had to keep a record of the thermometer for use of the ships log, and soon found that mercury became solid at 38 degrees Fahrenheit, and on the morning of December 7th I found our ether thermometer useless at 48 degrees below zero. December 10th 56 degrees below zero on the self registering spirits of alcohol thermometer which never wavered during the entire winter. December, 14th was a red letter ^{day} for us as the long looked for natives were sighted coming from the southward, although thermometer marked the coldest day thus far 58 degrees below zero. We appeared to

be getting used to the intense cold and almost every one was out to welcome them. One sled was far in advance of five others and came over the ice at a 2:45 gait. When the dogs saw the ships and scented the aroma of boiling salt horse in the air, they set up a great howling which was answered by the shouts of the sailors and for several minutes pandemonium reigned, as the advance sled drawn by dogs came on it looked like it was laden with bundles of furs, but when with a flourish of whip and a sharp cry the driver brought his team to a halt, we saw that what we had taken for bundles of furs were human beings bundled up in furs.

What was our surprise to hear from the first one that alighted say in good United States vernacular, "how are you gentlemen?" Mr. Binkes who was standing close by me says; Esquimaux Joe as I am a sinner. By this time the other occupants of the sled had alighted and proved to be the chief of a northern tribe, his two wives (wives) and two children. Joe said that Captain Hall and Took too & too with the balance of

This tribe of Imints were still three days travel to
 the north where they were sealing and would not come
 down until near Christmas now the other five sledges ar-
 rived each drawn by ten dogs, Joe being master of ceremo-
 nies, introduced some while others picking out officers and
 men that had wintered here before were very profuse
 in their welcome, even going so far as to "rub noses" which
 takes the place of "kissing" and in this country is consid-
 ered a very friendly greeting. The chief's name was such
 a long one that to shorten it several years ago he had
 been named by the Captain of some vessel wintering
 here, Prince Albert and his wives Queen Emma and Mrs.
 Billings, in fact almost all have been given English
 names to which they answer readily. The Prince is a
 splendid built man about 5 feet 7 in. in height and
 weighs 175 lbs. and looking, straight black hair, and very
 white even teeth, his word is law as far as his tribe is
 concerned and all orders he gives is executed without
 any ifs or ands. Mrs. Billings would be called a beauty
 in the States dressed in the garb of civilization and
 of her sex, if it could not be for "tattoo" marks in her face.

All the women of the Arctic zone "tattoo" which is done by drawing lines of various shapes across the face then picking the skin with some sharp instrument and rubbing the smoke of a lamp or some pigment which when healed leaves red and blue marks, the more lines and marks the more beautiful they think they appear. Queen Emma is a very homely woman, but of kind and pleasing disposition and is the lady of the household.

Chap. IX

Mrs. Billings being the second or morganic wife has all the cares of the household to look after besides assisting her lord and master, The Prince, in dressing the game and fish for the family. We procured from the arrivals considerable clothing made of (tuctor) deer skins and (ookguk) seal skin. A full suit of Esquimaux clothing as worn in winter is as follows: first, an inner suit of either young reindeer or young seal skins with the fur worn next the body; then an outer suit of heavy furred deer or seal skin worn with the fur out. Their inner stockings

are generally made of duck skins, as in this country the Biber ducks abound and their skins are valued very highly. The outer stockings are made from the skin on the legs of deer and musk ox, which is taken off the animal's legs without cutting, thus leaving it in the right shape for the leg of their stocking. Their boots, or rather moccasins, are made of bear skin and reach to the knee where they fasten with a draw-string, the sole being of two thicknesses of the heaviest bear skin; first sole fur next the sole of the foot; second, fur next the snow or ice. The coats are made very near the same for both sexes, the only difference being in the length. They are not open in front but closed like a woollen sweater and have to be put on over the head.

Every coat has a hood attached which when pulled over the head and drawstrings pulled tight leave nothing but their eyes exposed to the fury of the elements.

An Esquimaux clothed for hunting or fishing can lie down on the snow and go to sleep with the thermometer 40 degrees below zero and experience no more inconvenience than we would in taking a nap in the

harvest field at home. The dressing of the furs for clothing and bedding take great labor and is all done by the women, Eorwie and children, mickies, they first tan the skin by chewing the flesh side until friable, (everything chewed off is swallowed) They then rub the chewed part until it becomes nice and soft, the whole making an excellent tan. For thread to make their outfit they use the sinews of the deer, bear and musk ox, which is cut into sufficient lengths, dried, then it is readily pulled apart in fine or coarse threads as the kind of work calls for. They are very expert in the use of the needle and can sew clothing, boots and boats that are entirely water proof.

Since vessels annually visit Hudson's Bay they depend on trade with the sailors to supply them with medicine which they carefully keep for future use.

They make needles out of certain bones found in the legs of deer and musk ox, which are somewhat like the needle of a sewing machine as it is threaded at the point, but is a clumsy affair alongside of our modern needles. After visiting all the ships since Ulbricht

chose a sight for his village close astern the Monts
 and proceeded to build their snow houses (ig-loos).

They first stuck a seal spear into the snow with
 a line attached. They then took another spear which
 fastened to the line 4 or 5 feet from where the other one
 struck in the snow and then pulled it up taut while
 they walked around the stationary spear dragging the
 point of the other, thus making a circle 16 or 20 feet in
 diameter which will be the size of the proposed house.

They next drew a line across the circle's centre, then
 commenced cutting out the snow of one-half the circle
 in blocks for building purposes with long knives made
 for this use and presented by some whaling ship years
 ago. They formerly used bone knives. The first layer of
 snow blocks cut about 2 feet long, 1 foot wide and 1 foot
 thick is laid on the outside mark of the circle, then
 the next layer on top of the last one so on until the
 ig-loo is complete. The snow wall as it raises is nar-
 rowed, in the circle becoming smaller and smaller
 until the last piece put in would be what our ma-
 sons would call the keystone. The Inuit snow mason

are very expert and four of them would finish two to three snow houses in the short day of mid-winter here. After the walls are completed the ig-loo is the exact shape of an egg cut in half. Now loose snow is thrown over the snow mason work and beat down so as to shut up all crivices, thus making it air tight. The outside now being complete our snow masons go around the structure and cut out the place for the door which will be on the side next exposed to the fury of the northern blizzards. The door is about 2½ feet high and the same in width and is always on the side of ig-loo from which the snow had first been cut and used in building. He now goes back 15 or 20 feet from the door and commences building a covered passage way to the door. This is built very crooked, full of angles, so if the wind blows into it the angles break its force. The passage way is so low and narrow that you have to go through it on your hands and knees. Next a hole over the door is cut in the ig-loo, about two feet square. Onto this is put a block of fresh water ice four or five inches thick. This constitutes the

only window in the ig-loo. Now we will take a look
 at the inside. Here we find the snow taken out half
 circle to a depth of about three feet leaving the
 other half as it was before the ig-loo began. On this
 half is spread a net work of the dwarf willow which
 serves to keep the furs used as bedding from coming
 in contact with the snow, ^{so} the heat from the body of
 the sleeper would melt the snow causing the furs to
 become damp. This net-work is about two inches in
 thickness and is made in the form of a half circle
 so put together as to admit of being rolled up for
 transportation. On this willow matress is spread first
 walrus skins fur down, then seal skins, fur up; next
 deer skins, fur down, and last the heavy furred bear skin
 fur up, thus making a very soft warm bed. Some
 large bags made of the skin of the musk ox, which
 has a very heavy, thick, soft fur. These sleeping bags
 are used principally for children and generally large
 enough for two or three. To the bag is attached a large
 hood, so when the children are ready for bed they crawl
 into these nests of fur and pull the hoods over their

heads making them as comfortable as a "bug in a rug".
 In the centre of the bed is the longest it is occupied
 by the grown members of the family, while the sleep-
 ing bags of the children take up the shorter space at the
 sides. The covering used by the grown members are
 large square robes made out of the finest of young
 seal skins or young musk ox skins, which are very
 fine and soft. The beds of an Esquimaux family
 though not as fancy nor as sweet to the smell as the
 beds of civilization are far more comfortable, some of them be-
 ing worth hundreds of dollars in value for the furs
 they contain. The winds may howl and blizzards blow
 outside, with the thermometer at 50 and 60 degrees below
 zero, but the Esquimaux of Greenland and Hudson's
 Bay need not in his snow house, wrapped up in his
 furs be sleeps more comfortable than the average sea-
 son does in church at home. After the bed an Esqui-
 maux household contains very little, their seats in day
 time as seats, wearing apparel and hunting gear take
 up a large portion of the remainder. One corner under
 the bed the snow is cut out down to the ice, making a time

of pantry in which to put the meat or fish for family use. Everything is eaten raw. The entrails of seal, walrus or deer are relished and as freely partaken of as the flesh. All blood is saved and drunk. The only fire used is a small lamp hollowed from a stone, containing a wick made of moss around which is put some blubber, which feeds the wick, making a dim light. This is used at night and only since whalers first visited the north country. In day time the ^{window} of ice furnishes sufficient light for ordinary use. This light is the Esquimaux's home for from seven to nine months of the year.

Civilization, what think ye of it? Here is a race of people in this cold Arctic country use no fire, who have to depend on fish and game for both food and clothing, who live two-thirds of every year in houses of snow and the other one-third in tents of skins pitched on the rocks, who eat everything raw and have no dishes of any kind.

They will take a piece of frozen meat, fish or blubber and from it make a hearty meal. Nine months of the year they have to dissolve a piece of ice in their mouths to quench their thirst. These poor ignorant savages can

learn us, who were born in more congenial climes and under the influence of Christianity, a lesson in contentment, industry and perseverance. They know nothing of the bible or its teachings but are strict followers of the Golden Rule (do unto others ^{as} you wish to be done by). They know or at least think there is a Ruler over all, who lives beyond the sky and when the sun shines by day and the moon by night this great unknown is pleased and is smiling on them, but when the storm comes and rain or snow descends and the cold north winds blow, his face is covered with frowns, and the poor, untought Esquimaux are sad because they think they have done something to displease our great Master. In conversation with Eberling and Took-loo-ito they gave this version of the imuits belief: "Our people think that Kood-le-par-miung (Heaven) is up above the sky; everybody happy there; all the time light, no snow, no ice, no storms; always pleasant, never tired, sing and play forever. 'Ad-le-par-mi-un' (the bad place) is down under the water under the rocks, always night there, no sun, no moon, no stars, always storms, snowing all the time, very cold; those who go there

always remain. All imuits who are kind to the poor and unfortunate and feed the hungry and clothe the helpless will go up. all who have been bad or unkind to one another or failed to provide for those who are depending on him will go down. The language of this people is peculiar to themselves. They have nothing written. All that they know is derived from tradition, handed down from parent to child for many generations. The pronunciation of the same words by different tribes vary so much that they can hardly understand each other when they meet. For example I will take the word "needle." The Kinnaapatoos, a tribe numbering about 60 or 70 from the south of where we lay, called it "Tick-theo", which in northern native dialect means "bright star" while they called it "cou-ke-ute", which in Kinnaapatoos dialect means "quill". So it is all through their language. Some of the females get up very elaborate costumes and ^{on} special occasions come aboard the ship arrayed in all their finery. I will here describe the state or visiting dress of one nicknamed by the sailors "Sall Gash", an old

maid, she wore a long-tailed coat almost reaching
 the snow. Around the edge of the coat ran a fringe
 of seal skin, to each fringe was fastened a glass
 bead as large as a bullet and red, white and blue
 in color, across her forehead she wore a row of large
 copper cents and around her neck for a necklace
 a string of sleigh bells, which some enterprising
 Yankee had taken to Hudson Bay to trade to the na-
 tives to put on their dog teams. Her long black hair
 was wrapped around two sticks, one worn over each
 shoulder, and from the end of each stick dangled a
 brass wheel from some old clock. "Solomon in all
 his glory was not arrayed like her." The people whom
 we call Esquimaux (in their own language) called
 "n-nu-it", which means "the people". The name
 Esquimaux is entirely foreign and is not found in
 their language. The nearest word to the name and
 from which a great many think the name origi-
 nated, is Eskim-nuag which signifies "raw flesh
 eaten". According to their tradition the first man
 made was imperfect though made by the great

"A-to-Ta", Therefore he was cast aside and called "Kodenma", (white man) The second attempt resulted in the formation of a perfect man, who was called "En-Uu", so on down to the present day. Sailors and whites are called "Kod-en-ma" and are reckoned one notch below the Esquimaux in perfect manhood.

As a general statement it may be said that they are strictly honest among their own people, but it must be somewhat modified when among the "Kod-en-ma's." They have an impression that the country from which the "whites" come is boundless in its resources, and has plenty of every useful article, such as wood, iron, brads, needles, knives &c., which to them are very valuable, and whenever they meet with Kodinma's always cry "Pile-day; Pile-day; (give; give;) Our officers gave us orders that whenever they were about the ship to keep our weather eye on them, for if they saw anything that would be useful to them they would pick it up and start off with it, but you had only to say, "Kock-gi, Pile-day E-bew" (cannot give you) and they would drop it as if red hot.

Although they had this profuseness which came
 from the idea that we could easily & easily acquire any-
 thing they wanted from our store-house of plenty.
 I have no hesitation in saying that, as respects
 honesty these poor untaught In-nu-its could teach
 civilized nations a lesson. They are kind and gen-
 erous, between themselves there can be no people
 more kind than in kindness of heart. Of one fam-
 ily is more successful than another in the hunt,
 he shares with his neighbors. They utterly despise
 one who will "Shag-la-vo." (tell a lie). Will his brother
 in Christian America do that? Marriages are made
 in infancy, that is the old people get together and
 make the match, and the couple thus promised by the
 parents can have a separate "Igloo" as soon as they be-
 come expert enough in hunting to supply their own
 food and clothing. This generally takes place at from
 12 to 14 years of age. There is no ceremony, they erect
 their snow house and commence ^{the} world's battle for
 themselves. There exists between husband and wife
 a steady affection. Though not demonstrative, male

children are desired to female, although a difference is made in their treatment, and there is always wailing when an infant is born. Immediately after the birth of a child a skin cap is sewn tightly around its head and is kept there from 5 to 10 "Tuck-in-nuk" (months). An infant is always carried on the mother's back in a fur pouch, so made that ^{the} child is always standing on its feet while in it. This constantly standing on their feet perfects the muscle of the legs, and children less than eight months of age can walk. The children when old enough find amusement with toys made of bone and ivory, in forms of ducks, seal, walrus, &c., When older the boys take lessons in rowing the Ri-ak (skin canoe) hunting, sealing and fishing. The girls in preparing the furs for clothing by chewing and rubbing, learning to sew and help row the Oo-mi-en (woman's boat). The affection of the parents for their children is very great, and disobedience on the part of the child is very rare. As I mentioned before that the woman Tatto I afterward found out that this

is done from the idea that the lines thus made will be regarded in the next world as signs of goodness, the more marks found on their faces the higher they will rank. The longevity of this people is not as great as the white race, although you see a few among them that have passed the mile stone that marks three score and ten, although old they are bright of eye, no gray hairs, and not a tooth missing. They have a variety of games of their own, and are very quick in learning to play checkers, dominos and chess. They have a tradition handed down from generation to generation that there had been a great flood once. Ask them what they thought so, and their answer is that, that you find the shells of mussels, clams and little round stones, on top of the highest hills and mountains and the Inuits think this earth was once covered with water. The Inuits like our North American Indians have their "medicine men" here called "Angakoo" and exert a great influence over the people. Their religious ideas and observances are connected

with their Angekoos and their authority is more feared than that of Prince Albert or any chief.

The Angekoos minister in behalf of the sick, and also in behalf of the community in general.

If any one is sick he is sent for when he enters the Ig-lor or Topic where the patient lies and before commencing his wewo-ting or as we would call it pew-wowing, he glances around and if he sees some article that he can use, or trade to the sailors with advantage to himself, then he is sure to demand it for ^{his} services, whatever he demands must be given at once, otherwise no good would come of his ministrations. Then the Angekoos commences to chant and sing. Swaying his body back and forth every moment. getting louder and louder, this is supposed to charm away the disease, at intervals during the performance the members of the family join in at the close of a sentence with a word similar to our amen. No medicine is prescribed, nor do the imuits ever take any. Whenever the hunters want to start on an expedition

of any kind the services of the angako are in demand. When the services are held in public and are often accompanied by the howling of 40 or 50 dogs which in my mind was as much benefit as the shrieks and contortions of the angako.

Chap. V

The Esquimaux have various customs which relate to their religious belief, but if you ask them what they do so and so, their answer invariably is: "the first Inuits did the same." When they kill a reindeer or musk ox and have skinned it they cut off bits from different parts of the body and bury them under a tone or snow at the spot where the animal fell. When an Inuit passes a cemetery where he has a relative buried he places a piece of meat on the grave. When a child dies all its clothing, playthings, &c., are put into the grave with the body. When they start out to hunt seal they will pass by walrus and not molest them.

without driven by hunger to do so. If they are hunt-
 ing bear if they are hunting bear then both seal
 and walrus can play on the ice without being molest-
 ed. The same custom is pursued in dressing furs
 and making clothing, only they are then guided by
 the different changes of the moon. If we have a new
 moon and they are working on tucktoo furs no in-
 ducement could get them to make anything out of
 another kind until the moon quarters. Then that kind
 is cast aside and some other taken up till the moon
 is full, then another change takes place. Ask them
 why they did this: "Because our fathers did so," is the
 answer. Friday is the Esquimaux Sabbath and they
 can give Christian nations an example worthy of
 following in its observance. No work is done on that
 day, all cars are cast aside, but they do not rest
 by any means. Heeded by the Anglico (if the weather
 permits) they repair to where their friends have been
 buried (I say have been, for almost all graves are
 robbed by foxes or wolves before one week passes from
 time of burial) each supplied with something

for the dead and the day is passed in singing, chanting to the memory of their departed dead.

If one has been a great Hunter the Angako recites his adventures in the hunt to his admiring friends. Or if a woman recites all her good qualities for the benefit of her children. From the description given the reader of this narrative can form some opinion of these singular beings, a link between the Saxon and seal, first killing and eating the seal, then covering their bodies with the skin of the seal; yet on earth there is no more cheerful or contented people than the Esquimaux. Though placed by Providence in the coldest and most comfortless spot on this footstool and must even depend on the snow that falls for material to build their habitations, they always wear a broad grin and are a kind-hearted, hospitable race of human beings.

Formerly all their spears and knives were made of ivory and bone, but now the blacksmiths of the whaling fleets that annually visit the Arctic country make them great knives for hunting and

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old muskets, powder, caps and shot, are traded to them by ^{ship} owners in return for the furs of the bear, seal, ~~seal~~ and musk ox. Sometimes they capture whales, the blubber of which they use for their lamps and food, while the whalebone is traded to whalers for something useful to them. On December 17th the southern natives arrived and trade became brisk. Nearly every ^{one} now has a complete suit of fur clothing and the cold is no more thought of. Some of the Esquimaux smoke a rabbit ^{tree} they have contracted from the Codlumas, but they cannot smoke the tobacco in its purity, as it is too strong, but they adulterate it by mixing moss or hardtack with it. They use pipes made of stone with stems of bone. December 19th Prince "Albert" and his brother "Frank" were engaged by Capt. Chapell to hunt and fish for our crew during the winter. While they are away, their families are supplied from the stores of the ship. It is surprising to see the natives eating hardtack. The size of the sea biscuit we had were about $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter and one-half inch in thickness and I have seen a

able-bodied natives eat 14 at one meal besides two or three pounds of salt beef (They would not eat pork, why I cannot say, but they would set it aside and would not allow their children to eat it either).

The southern tribe numbered about 50 men, women and children, and had about 80 dogs. Our ships are overrun with dogs hunting something to eat, as the natives only feed them about twice a week. They are a good bit the nature of a wolf and keep up a snapping and snarling all the time with each other.

Some are very handsome and all are heavily furred and of good size, capable of making five miles an hour drawing a loaded sledge. It is a sight worth seeing to see a dog team of 12 or 15 dogs all ready for a start, each dog is hitched separately to the sledge by a rope made of walrus hide, the two leaders being abreast about 20 feet from the sledge, the rest from 6 to 16 feet. When all is ready the driver mounts the front of the sledge, whip in hand. The dogs are lying on the ice as if asleep, the driver circles his whip around six head three or four times and out it goes with

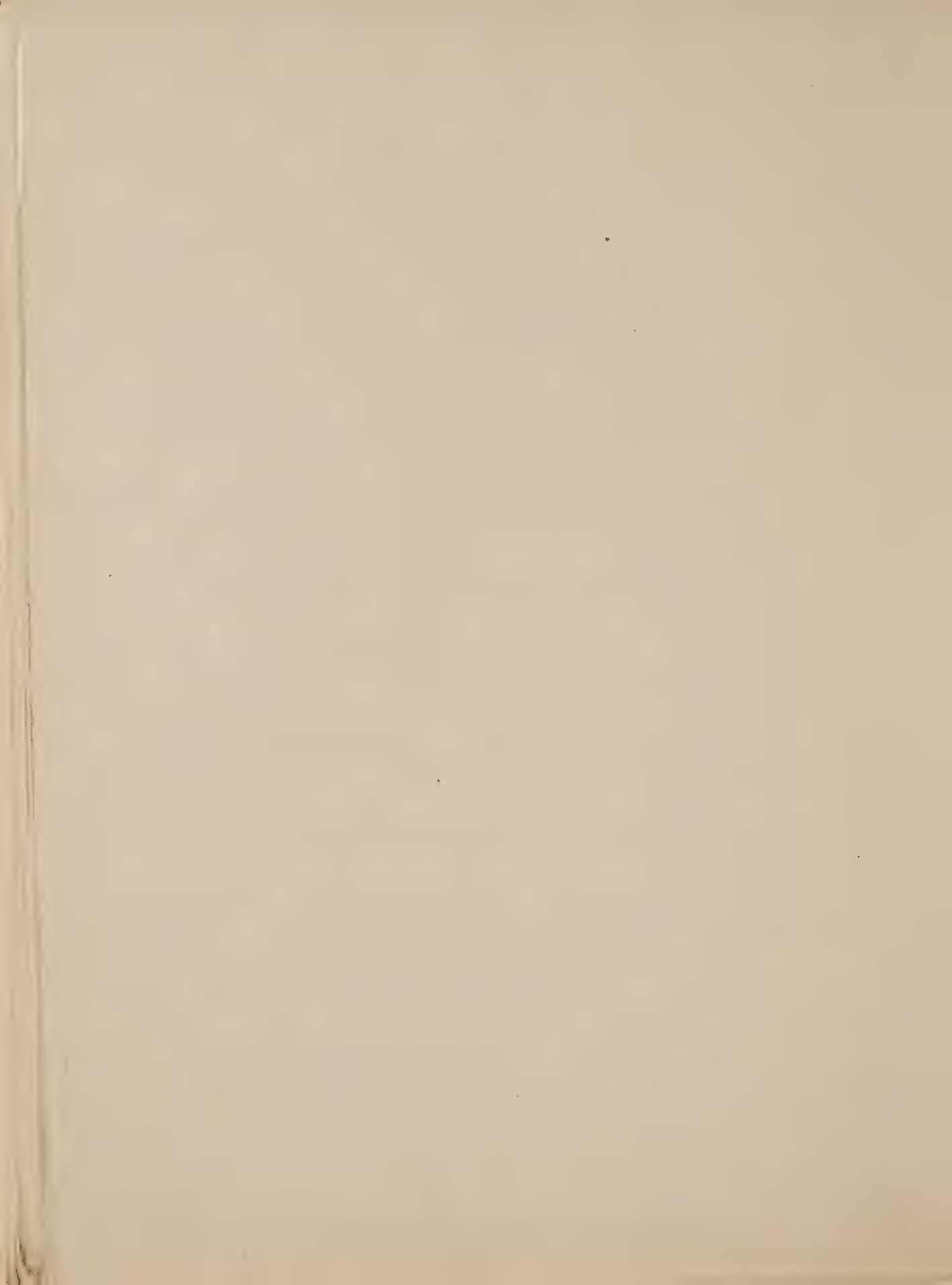
a slish and strikes one of the leaders, at the same time the driver sing out ki-yi, ki-yi, and every dog is on his feet in an instant and away after the leaders. The driving is all done with the whip and it requires an expert to use one. The stock is only about twenty inches long and is made out of bone or the ivory tusk of the narwhal, the lash is made long enough to reach the leaders. The Esquimaux is an expert in its use. He will circle the long over his head and pick out any dog in his team and never misses his aim. The two leaders travel abreast. When the driver wishes his team to bear more to the right he circles his long lash and sends the ears of the left hand leader, at the same time uttering his ki-yi, and away the team goes after the leader. If he wishes to go to the left the other leader is the one struck. On December 19th some of the northern Innuits started north to bring down Capt. Hall and the remainder of their tribe. The Captain of the fleet made up a box of catables and sent the explorer for Christmas,

which will be a treat after eating frozen raw meat and blubber. We scarcely see the sun now. This morning it rose at 11.17 a.m. and went behind the horizon at 2.17 p.m. It made but little light and appeared to have no more power than the moon when full at home. You need not change your position to see the sun both rise and set as its course is very low, similar to a rainbow. On December 23^d we were struck by another Arctic blizzard, wind blowing 75 miles an hour and snowing heavily all day. On Christmas eve there was a grand ball held in the theatre on board the Antelope. The Esquimaux were greatly amused with the music and dancing. At the close they brought in their musical instruments, called "Kuloun," which is made by stretching thin deer skin over a hoop of whalebone about thirty inches in diameter. To the hoop is attached an ivory handle by which the instrument is held. The player strikes on the hoop making a noise somewhat like a tambourine. Now the women squat down on the floor in a half circle,

The men take their places in front of them each one with a keeloun in hand. At a signal the music commences, the women singing to the music of the keeloun, while the players were ^{dancing} all kinds of strange and ridiculous figures which here is considered the correct dance and can only be performed by Innuits (which I also believe). In the midst of a very wild dance in which the warm fur clad natives were perspiring like harvest hands, the Ugeko came in. He took in the scene at a glance and gave a shrill whistle. The music instantly ceased, the women rose to their feet and started for the door followed by the men, while the "great medicine man" strode along in the rear looking down on us poor Codlunas as if to say, "I am boss of these poor deluded people, what are you going to do about it. Christmas morning broke calm and clear with the thermometer 34 degrees below zero. On this day my thoughts were more about home and friends than at any time yet. I drew in my mind a picture of a modest home on the west bank of the noble Susquehanna, and around a dining

table loaded with the choicest and most tempting viands were seated my parents, brothers and sisters. The family circle lacked but one of being complete. At my father's right hand stood a vacant chair. Oh, how I wished to be the occupant of that vacant seat and thus complete the circle. But who brood over impossibilities; so I soon commenced to devise some way of enjoying this beautiful Christmas day, also the Sabbath. My friend Algic joined in and we hired an Esquimaux and his dog team for a ride. So, clothed in furs, we were soon under way for a spin of several miles down the coast. Being clothed in furs we felt no inconvenience from the cold. On our return we saw a pack of fifteen wolves which took our trail and followed to within a short distance of the ships.

Our driver put his team to full speed, as the dogs are very uneasy when wolves are about. They were about as large as the wolves of the prairie in our western states and are white as snow. They seldom attack man without driven by hunger to do so, but will attack any



animals of the Arctic country; foxes and rabbits they are especially fond of. The fur of the wolf makes very warm clothing, although the skins are no stronger than the rabbit skins at home. When we arrived at the ships we were agreeably surprised at what awaited us.

Capt. Chapell had given the steward orders to set up the best Christmas dinner for all hands that the old Monticello could afford, and that salt horse and hard bread were to take a back seat for one meal. The steward carried out the instructions to the letter. The ship's stores were searched and desiccated potatoes, canned meat, tomatoes, green peas, &c. were found, which, with a generous allowance of plum duff for each man, made a dinner good enough for a king, and at its close all hands pronounced Capt. Chapell a gentleman. As a fitting close to Christmas day we had a clear starry night with one of the most brilliant displays of the far famed Aurora Borealis (Northern Lights) that I have ever yet seen. It commenced about 10 o'clock and lasted two hours. It commenced in the northeastern horizon.

It is impossible for me to give a full and just description of the Aurora in all its glorious brilliancy. All will

attempt will be to put before the reader of this narra-
 tive my thoughts and sensations at the appearance of
 this phenomena of nature. While standing on our snow-
 covered deck on this Christmas night in the far-away
 north, the thought flashed through my mind, who but
 God could conceive such infinite scene of glory; who but
 he could execute them; God made his wonderful works
 this night to be remembered for all time. Never since
 have I seen such a display of His handiwork. The
 Aurora appeared as if possessing life; it danced to
 and fro from one extreme to the other. Its colors riv-
 aled the rainbow and its brightness so great and daz-
 zling that fine print could be easily read by its great
 light; the flashing becomes so numerous that human
 eye cannot follow them. Now along the horizon, next
 upward toward the zenith spreading out its beautiful
 rays, gliding this way then instantly returning from
 whence it came, swinging like the pendulum of a migh-
 ty clock. I have witnessed many displays since while
 in the Arctic country but nothing to be compared to
 this night. All the crews of the different vessels were

out enjoying the sight, and even the sons of the frozen north looked on with wondrous but delighted awe.

We watched until the last vestige had disappeared and the stars took its place shining with greater brilliancy than before. Until then hardly a word had been spoken, but now on all sides you could hear comments on the grand beautiful sights that had just passed from the heavens. The theory of some is that the Northern Lights are caused by the reflection of the sun shining on the ice; but my opinion is that it is not caused by reflection, as the further north you advance the brighter the light, and it is one of the mysteries of the heavens unfathomable by man.

The Esquimaux believe it a sign from the great ruler above that he is pleased with them and is sent for their information that they will be successful in hunting, &c. The morning of December 26th, although the thermometer was 35 degrees below zero, part of the southern natives started on a hunting expedition. The cold has now become regular and we having become so acclimated that we do not, when

dressed in furs, mind it much more than we would in Pennsylvania. Although we exercise every nice day, The dreaded scurvy has broken out in the fleet; it is among the black Portuguese the George and Mary and was caused by eating too much salt pork and beef. The cases are mild and each man is put on a diet of raw meat. Our officers for extra precaution are issuing juice and rigidly enforcing the sanitary rules aboard the Monticello. They also cut off the use of salt meats for the present and issue vegetables instead. Mr. Binks informed me that he was once mate of a vessel in the Arctic sea that lost sixteen men from scurvy in three months.

At that time they did not understand the cause or treatment of the disease, and it was most always fatal. Now by getting sanitary conditions perfect, keeping the body clean, plenty of out door exercise and changing from salt to fresh diet and using both sour (lime juice) and sweet (potato juice) drinks it is not so dangerous, but it is still to be more dreaded than any other disease of the

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frozen north. Now between my duties as assistant steward, study of navigation and exercise for my health I am kept pretty busy. The Dramatic company and Minstrels are the life of our winter quarters and tend to relieve the monotony of the long Arctic nights which otherwise would be unbearable. The Captains make ^{the round} of the fleet each week "gamming", being five ships, it takes up five nights, the other two being spent at the theatre. The word gamming is a sea term for visiting, or out for tea. January 1st, 1865. This has been an unusual fine day for this latitude, 27 degrees below zero. The Captains were entertained on board the Monticello; we had dinner at 2 o'clock, p.m. The principal dishes were as follows; Roast Musk ox, baked salmon, stewed seal, clam chowder, soup and bollic and succotash, preserves and desserts. My duty was to act as waiter which I did according to "Gunter." During dinner these old grizzled veterans of the sea entertained each other with stories of whale fishing, adventures among the Cannibal Islands when missionaries were considered

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a very choice dish, in fact they told of adventures in all parts of the world in which some one of them had been a participant. In the evening a serenading party made a round of the fleet and rendered some choice music aboard of each ship; for which they received the thanks of each captain. January 2d, 31 degrees below zero. I clothed myself in furs this morning and went with a party of natives to the lake where we had cut our winter's supply of ice, to see them fish for salmon trout. Arriving at the lake they cut ^{on} holes through the heavy ice with ice chisels loaned them by our ship, the ice being between 5 and 6 feet thick.

After cutting eight or ten holes they baited their hooks with fresh meat and proceeded to set "trip-nets", which are made as follows; take a piece of hoop iron and bend in shape of a half circle, put the two ends in holes in the ice, one on each side of the hole that is cut to fish out of. Have the hoop long enough so that the centre will be about two ^{feet} above the ice. To the centre of this

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arch lash a piece of wood or bone about 18 inches long in such a way that it works like a hinge. To one end of this is attached the line, to the other a light weight which will keep the piece at an angle of about 45 degrees. Now you are ready to fish. Whenever a fish bites the weighted end goes up, hence the name "trip-up," the fisherman can watch several hooks. We caught quite a number of ^{large} very fish, one of which weighed 35 pounds. They were scotties almost like our brook trout, but the flesh is a deep orange. The lines used were as heavy as a river outline with shark hooks six inches from point to shank attached. This mode of fishing has been learned from the codlunas, as the regular Esquimaux way is to cut holes in the ice and throw in some scraps of meat fastened to pieces of moss or something that will float, and when the fish rises to receive it to spear it. They are very expert in the use of the spear and only discard it when supplied with more modern appliances by ships visiting their seas.

January 14th, 45-degrees below zero. We are having
 Arctic weather in abundance now, The thermometer
 ranging between 40 and 50 degrees below zero. to night
 The Dramatic company performed *Lamou*
and Pythias, which was considered the best
 performance of the season. While the orchestra
 were playing their opening piece the door-kep-
 er announced a distinguished arrival, no less
 a person than Captain Q. T. Hall, the explo-
 rer, accompanied by Tookvito and Eberling,
 his faithful guides, and about 35 or 40 Northern
 Innuits. They came into the theatre clad in
 their heavy furs looking as just arrived from
 the North Pole. The audience rose en masse when
 Captain Tyson, of the *Antelope*, proposed three
 cheers for the brave and hardy explorer. It is
 needless to say English Portuguese and Esquimaux
 all joined with us Americans in welcoming
 the explorer. Just here a little tableau was en-
 acted not down on the program. Captain Hall see-
 ing Captain Rodgers of the *Concordia* next the stage

ushed forward and embraced him exclaiming "Frank Rodgers, my old friend, I did not expect to see you in Hesper Harbor." The friendship of these men dated back five years when Captain Rodgers was first mate of the bark George Henry, which carried Captain Hall north on his first Arctic explorations, and their ship being caught in the ice pack they ^{were} compelled to stay two winters. Running short of provisions the crew were quartered among the natives. Here Hall and Rodgers formed an acquaintance not easily forgotten.

Chap. VI

Captain Rodgers presented the explorer to those officers of the fleet who had not the pleasure of his acquaintance. The play then proceeded the audience being the full capacity of the theatre.

The acting of Montgomery as Damon, and Rowe as Pythias, was first class, my friend Elgin did full justice to the character of Laga, from first to

last The play was a success. As The Monticello
 had a spare state room on account of Mr. Chester
 wintering with The Helena T. at Marble Island,
 Captain Hall and his guides make our ship
 their home while here. On the evening of Jan.
 14, we had a grand display of fireworks in hon-
 or of Captain Hall's visit. The Esquimaux gazed
 in wonder and the dogs howled with delight at
 the snapping and sizzling of bombs and rockets.
 The Igloos are now numerous, and trade brisk
 with the new arrivals who are well supplied with furs
 and fresh meat. Dogs are so plentiful now that
 you are compelled to carry a club with you to
 beat from one ship to another. On the morning of
 January 21, the weather having moderated, "Prince
 Albert" was hired to take Captain Hall and the
 five Captains of the fleet to Marble Island to see
 if any of the vessels there needed any fur cloth-
 ing for their crews as our fleet was now well sup-
 plied. Albert harnessed 12 of the best dogs to
 our ice sledge and the start was made at 10. a.m.

They expect to reach The Island in 15 hours. On Jan. 24th, we had a genuine old-fashioned fox chase, about 50 men and 100 dogs chased it for one hour before it was captured. Wolves are now seen almost every day but few are killed as they are hard to approach when you have arms in your hands. Rabbits are plenty are very large and easily captured. The fur of foxes, minks and rabbits are as white as snow and hard to see without they are on a move. Hunting parties go out now nearly every day and seldom come in without some game. On Jan. 25th another blizzard commenced with a heavy fall of snow. The dogs are now huge snow drifts, and it is amusing to see them come out of their houses on hands and knees and shake the snow from their fur citting like some animal. On Feb. 2nd the captain returned from Marble Island They found our crew there in very bad condition, seven unfit for duty with the scurvy, and about one third of all the men of

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The fleet more or less affected. As no natives
had yet visited them they were greatly in
need of fur clothing and fresh meat. "Albert"
accompanied by Mr. Chester made a trip to the
main land and brought back a bag of fresh
meat from a native "catch" where they had it
stored for future use, then the scurvy patients were
put on a raw meat diet. None of the cases
are considered dangerous as they are attacked
in the limbs. The head and breast are the
dangerous points. Captain Chapell induced
part of the Ginnapatoos tribe to move their fam-
ilies to Marble Island to hunt for the crabs
there. In fifteen minutes after the bargain was
made all their earthly possessions were loaded
ready for the start south. Today I had my
first near view of a walrus as Prince Albert
captured a very large one, its flesh is prized
very highly for food, and skin for dog har-
ness. Seal blubber and soles for mukluks, the
large ivory tusks are used for spears, the walrus

is of more value to the natives than any other mammal found in the arctic countries.

Feb. 7th Thermometer 34 degrees below zero.
 By request of Captain Hall the Dramatic Company again played *Demion* and *Yehua*.
 To night after the play the explorer addressed the audience. First he praised the Dramatic Company for their excellent acting, he told them he had seen this play both in Europe and America played by the most renowned actors on the two continents, but had never enjoyed the play so much as he had to night within the arctic circle, by the frozen north Dramatic Company. He then gave a description of his travels since leaving the Monticello in Repulse Bay last August. "Then the last farewell was then spoken & then set out to commence life among the Esquimaux. Ederbing and Tookoolit being my only companions for several weeks, it last alone, the ship gone; all of my own race, my own language departed,

no one within my sight or hearing but me
 and two trusty Esquimaux guides. Well, I did not
 despond, I had a work to perform in the cause
 of humanity, so I determined to look brightly
 forward and place all my dependence on God.
 I watched the Monicello's progress until she
 was a mere speck on the horizon, then I turned
 my face northward. The last link that bound
 me to home and country had been severed.
 The fate of Sir John Franklin and some of
 his officers and men were known by the records
 found on King William's land by Captain
 McClintock; but the fate of the 155 members
 of Franklin's expedition are yet to be determined.
 I believe some of these men are yet living a-
 mong the Esquimaux of either Boothia, Victoria,
 or Prince Albert land far to the north of us. I
 also firmly believe the grave of Franklin with
 records of his expedition will be found on King
 William's land, but search can only be made
 in the months of July and August and September

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as the other nine months this precise land
is buried beneath snow and ice. After leaving
the Monticello and turning northward we pro-
ceeded by boat as far as Decla and Tury Bay,
where we first met the natives of King William's
Land (those are with me now) since then I have
been studying their habits and customs, and
learning their language. From what I have
already learned from these natives I am con-
vinced that a large portion of the 55 members
of the expedition died of exposure and starvation
in that country. I have found several
copies of Franklin but so far have been unable to
get any clue to the supposed hidden records. But
my task is not yet done, with the help of God
and the knowledge gained from the Esquimaux
I intend to again search King William's Land
from one end to the other if the task takes two
years more to complete it, as I am still of the opin-
ion that icy land holds the records that will
clear up the mystery of Franklin's expedition."

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Captain Hall's address was received with interest by the audience and at its conclusion he exhibited some of the Indian relics he had already procured from the natives, among which was a silver tea spoon with a monogram on the handle, and the case of an old English bull eye watch which was supposed to belong to Captain Crozier, of the lost expedition. In conversation with Captain Hall the next day in the cabin of the Monticello he said he was firmly convinced that some of those men were not alive, that after becoming acquainted with them & eating their food raw, they would withstand the cold almost as well as the natives, that he knew this from experience, as he had lived among them the winter in Northumberland Inlet and the present winter here, and only disease could exterminate those hardy seamen in that length of time. It was possible but not probable, that their ships were drifting abandoned and all records were left behind and that the ships were left hurriedly is evidenced, as no stores or provisions have ever been found. Captain Hall

had with him notes of his research, and as I wrote a fair hand he would dictate to me, and would pass many hours of those long winter evenings writing manuscript for him. This he intended to correct and have printed on his return home as the history of his second voyage of research and discovery, but through some, my unseen circumstances but one volume was ever printed, and that was on his first voyage in the George Henry, in 1861.

On February 10th Captain Hall again started north on his research accompanied by his two guides Ebraing and Tookwilit and two native families, they will be joined later by the rest of the northern nations.

The stars and stripes were flung to the breeze and every one shook the hand of the explorer as he again turned his back to us, and his face to the north.

February 10th in spite of all the efforts of our officers scurvy is aboard the Monticello, at roll call "Snipes" failed to report and Mr. Binks found him in his bunk unable to walk. As soon as he had shown his black and swollen

Comdr. Mr. Sinks pronounced it severe. There is
 no more salt cases in the fleet, the order went
 out to all the coopers in the fleet to hand out every
 cask or barrel containing salt or salt provisions.

Every man must now eat raw frozen meat. The
 patients throughout the fleet is confined to the care-
 less shiftless fellows who knew more than our officers,
 ate salt meats when warned not to, and would
 shirk exercise whenever possible, and lay in their
 bunk as soon as the inflicting officers back was
 turned. That is the class that is suffering now. Those
 that eat sparingly of salt provisions, took plenty
 of exercise, and kept their persons clean were in best
 of health. February 22d. The birthday of George
 Washington, and in honor of the event the stars
 and stripes are flying on each ship of the fleet.

At noon a salute from the signal guns
 was fired, and at 4 o'clock a grand supper was
 served to all hands of the fleet in the Theatre on
 board the Antelope, which was followed by a mask
 ball which continued all night. The make up of some

of the masks were very ingenious and puzzling.
 Six or eight were "in-coo" until the hour arrived
 to discard masks. February 21st. 40 degrees below
 zero. During the musical performance this evening
 in shifting some scenery a curtain caught fire,
 and in an instant the stage was a sheet of
 flame, a great rush was made for the door.
 Esquimaux's and sailors tumbling overboard
 others in their hurry to get out, but a few pails
 of water stopped the flames before it had commu-
 nicated to the woodwork of the ship or had damaged
 much scenery, but our enjoyment was spoiled for
 the night. February 26th. 57 degrees below zero.
 another blizzard coming as the wind is increasing
 in velocity. February 28th. 58 degrees below zero
 nothing doing outside, the air is so filled with fly-
 ing frost that it is impossible to face it. We are
 all keeping close to our fires. Even the Esquimaux
 are not stirring to day but keep inside their
 snow houses. At dinner to-day Captain Chapell
 and Mr. Binks got into an argument as to whether

petroleum or kerosene oil would freeze or not
 in the great cold we are now experiencing, to test
 the matter I took a tin cup full of oil and left it
 exposed on deck for 4 hours and found the cold
 never curdled it: (the coal oil of today is not as
 pure as the oil they called kerosene 25-years ago
 as it will now freeze in your lamps sufficient
 to burst them.) Through hunting and fishing
 parties we are kept well supplied with fish,
 seal, and walrus and deer all winter, and
 between Dramatic Company, minstrels and
 dances, had plenty of enjoyment, with games of
 different kinds on the ice we had plenty of good
 exercise, so the winter days passed along. Thus
 far in my narrative I have only incidentally men-
 tioned the name of Joseph Taylor, the third mate
 of the Monticello, he deserves more than a passing no-
 tice, he was a man about 55 years old, above the
 average height of men, raw-boned, loose jointed, a
 typical down easter. Mr. Taylor (or as the sailors call-
 ed him "old Joe") was a thorough sailor as far as the

... part of seamanship went, but he knew nothing about navigation or the use of nautical instruments, such as sextant; quadrant &c., so he had never risen in his long life at sea above the grade of Third mate, but he was a good whaleman and his services were almost indispensable.

As I have said before after the first week at sea a person rarely ever hears his proper name, most everyone has some peculiarity of person or of manner from which to derive a nickname. Mr. Taylor was one of those first to notice these traits, consequently he had a nickname for everyone, for instance my "auburn hair" gave me the name of "Reddy". Henry Dwyer had a very long nose, "kipo" was his name after Mr. Taylor had once glanced at him. He had a sharp visaged down easter "fatchut" for the remainder of the voyage was his name, a Jerseyman slovenly in dress and appearance was named "Tommy" a quick tempered New Yorker was named "dangir" and so on through the crew everyone nicknamed officers and

men called them by Mr. Taylors names which they answered as quickly as if they never had any other, no one resented this liberty but everyone liked and respected "Old Joe". He was also the wit of the crew continually passing a joke or telling some one with some catch, during the long winter he kept the boys in good humor and prevented some sickness as before the winter was half gone he had a name for every man. There was another (I may say member of our crew although a dog) on board our ship who have here before failed to mention this was a Newfoundland dog of pure blood purchased by our Captain at St. Johns on our way north, at the time of purchase it was nine months old, very large and its long silken hair ^{very} black, his English master had named him "Prince" but before his second day ended at sea, Mr. Taylor had changed it to "Roses" and by the latter name he was known throughout the voyage. I asked him why he had changed the name as Prince was a nice name; his answer:

That dog is the nicest dog I ever saw; there was the nicest man spoken of in Scotland, don't the name suit the case? So Moses soon became a general favorite and many a choice piece of "salt horse" and "tuff" were laid aside from cabin to fore-castle for him. He became almost as good as a sailor or some landsman; would take hold and haul on braces, sheets and down hauls with the best of us, and when the order came "reeve all" Moses would let go instantly. All time goes by bells aboard ship, four bells signifies the wheel is to be relieved, seven bells the watch below called morning and noon, eight bells watch below to come on deck, one, two, three, four and five are intermediate bells and signify the hours between watch calls and when relief. I make the above explanation to show to what extent a dumb animal can be trained also to show the sagacity of Moses over the common curs. He may be away forward with the crew. The helmsman strikes one bell the dog pays up

attention, after awhile the bells and three resound.
 The ship, still Moses does not heed.
 next four bells are struck. The dog is then all
 attention he will run from one to another until
 the helmsman starts to relieve the wheel, then
 will accompany him and will not be content
 until its done, then he may lie down for a snooze
 until seven bells are struck. Then away he goes to
 the forecassle scuttle and his deep bass voice arouse
 all hands. Moses was very contented in our winter
 quarters until the arrival of the Esquimaux
 dogs, then war commenced, he could not brook
 any interference from them, and as he now
 weighed over 150 lbs. he became a terror to them, and
 their masters, but was gentle and obedient to us.

During the cold winter he made his home be-
 tween decks with the men and was good company
 for those that stood on watch during the night.

March came in cold and clear with thermometer
 at 55 degrees below zero, we have become so used to
 the intense cold that it does not appear to us anything

to be any colder than the coldest day of our own
winters at home. If you accompany the Esquimaux
in hunting or fishing they are very particular
of your comfort and every little while examine
your hands and face to see if you are freezing.
If they see the least sign of frost they will soon
restore circulation by rubbing with their warm hands,
the affected part. March 13th, 44 degrees below zero.

Today the officers tried to find out how far it
was to the floor-edge, they went to the highest point
on Depot Island and swept the horizon towards
the bay with their marine glasses to look for open
water but none is in sight, it is estimated that
the ice extends 40 miles out into the Bay and is
from 1 to 2 feet thick on the level, when by the
action of the tides the ice is lammed up, it is
piled up 20 and 30 feet into all kinds of shapes,
then you will find field ice that is as even
a mile square and level as a floor, no wonder
Anderson's Straits are blocked with ice during the
summer months as all this immense body of

has that way to reach the sea. March 30th. 20 degrees above zero. This is the first time in 20 consecutive days that the thermometer has rose above the zero mark for the next week we experienced the old proverbial March weather, strong gales accompanied by heavy snows from the eastward.

These gales ^{have} broken the ice within five or six miles of the ships and is the first time in several months that we could open water from our head. March 31st. 20 degrees below zero. Today a dog team arrived from the north driven by "Back Pepper" one of the King William's land natives, he had dispatches from Peptari. He related to me Franklin's condition, said dispatches were directed to Henry Grinnell, of New York in care of Captain E. S. Dyer at the ship Monticello. April 1st.

"All fools day" today "Old Joe" was in his glory. He got in his "sells" from cabin to fore-castle and out even into the snow houses of the natives.

April 3rd. 32 degrees below zero. The storm period has passed and we are now experiencing

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Some more cold weather. The blacksmith and cooper are busy building sledges on which to haul our boats to Depot Island, and from there to water edge, when spring whaling commences. The sleds are built 20 feet long out of oak plank brought from the States for the purpose. The runners are made of the rib bones of walrus. April 17th. 22 degrees below zero. Today the crew hauled three boats to Depot Island to have ready for water-edge, they also took down casks and rigging and material out of which to make a tent as when spring commences we are to camp on the island with three boat crews. April 20th. Moved a pack sledge and fuel, provisions and cutting gear to Depot, today. All day is coming very fast light enough for any kind of work all the time now. Today was issued to every man a pair of goggles with orders to wear them at all times, when the sun is shining, as the tremendous glare of the sun on the snow and ice causes what is known in this latitude as snow blindness. The

... red and inflamed and finally the patient is unable to open them at all. It sometimes terminates in total blindness, even the natives used as they are to this constant glimmer have to protect their eyes by wearing "leather specs" and ingenious goggles made of wood supplied them by the ships. May 5th, 16 degrees below zero, and sun shining brightly.

Our Captain says the coldest he ever experienced at this season of the year.

Chap. XII

We have now what stores will be needed for floor-edge whaling to Depot and are finished with the stores which to live. Each ship has made like preparation, and when the season opens (which generally takes place about May 20th, there will be fifteen boats launched from Depot Island. May 18th, the floor-edge has broken to within 3 1/4 miles of Depot Island, and we are making preparations to move to the Island. The last performance

The Roamatic and Minstrel Companies has taken place. The scenery and costumes have been packed up, and one of us is on the look out for hard work and plenty of it. May 19th - Moved to the Island to day when I rejoined the former men and took my place as tub oarsman in Mr. Finkes boat. May 20th - Thermometer 6 degrees above zero. Passed East night on the Island, at 10 o'clock a.m. we started for the floe-edge with sixteen boats. Each crew hauling its own boat. Every little while we were forced to stop and cut down rough ice so we could get our boats over.

We reached open water at noon and ours was the second launched. We cruised to six o'clock when we again took our boats and hauled them back towards the Island about one mile from the ice edge. One whale was seen by one of the Back Eagle's crew. Hope for better luck tomorrow.

May 21 - 5 degrees below zero. At 4 o'clock this morning we were on our way to floe-edge. About 12 o'clock Mr. Sisson, mate of the Antelope, struck a

which after sounding up close to our boat, when Mr. Binks succeeded in lancing it:

We were very close to it and in its flurries came very near capsizing us. In its death throes it spouted blood all over us. This was my first real experience whaling and it is very exciting sport. After the whale was "turned up" the other boats were signaled and soon all were made fast to a tow line and we started for the ice, distant about one mile after reaching the floe-edge. The whale was made fast, while several boat crews went to the island for cutting gear. Here I had a good view of the "variation" of the skin it was about sixty feet in length, eight feet through at the fins. The dorsal fin is the most striking part of it, as they have a dangerous habit of bringing it down, when attacked, on a boat. I was greatly interested in viewing it also the head which was very large in proportion to the body, and of such a peculiar shape that the name of "bowhead" is derived for this species of whale. In

forming it. The Almighty seems to have designed
 this creature of all animate things should subsist
 on food peculiar to itself, which whalers call "squid"
 and "brit" ("squid" is a soft, jelly like substance and "brit"
 is a small bright red, you might say, insect; not
 longer than a pea) both are found ^{floating} in those parts of
 the ocean that whales frequent. To understand how
 they feed upon I will first try and describe its
 head. The head is very large in proportion to his
 body. This might lead the reader to infer that
 the whale has a large throat and stomach also,
 but this is not the case. (An old whaler told me
 from a long examination I believe to be true) that
 they cannot swallow a common egg without crushing
 it. So it could not have been a Greenland bowhead
 that swallowed Jonah. Instead of teeth the bowhead
 has set in the upper part of his mouth upon each
 side of a long keel, slabs of bone. This is the black
 whalebone of commerce. These slabs were from six
 inches to twelve feet in length and 856 in num-
 ber. 278 on each side of this long keel. They start



... in the throat - with 15 six inch slabs, each
 one being longer and longer till they number 139
 inches at the centre of the mouth which is the longest
 slab, then they decrease in length until it ends
 with six inch slabs at the point of the ridge
 bone. The slabs are attached to the ridge bone
 by you might say gums and hang down into
 the mouth. They are shaped somewhat like a
 scythe tapering from two inches wide and one inch
 thick at the base, to almost a point and thin
 as a blade, being placed transversely their edges are
 parallel and at a very small distance from each
 other. The base of each, as well as the outer edge
 being composed of solid whalebone. While the
 inner edge is lined with a coarse filament or
 hair which fill up the interior of the mouth like
 a curtain. When the whale is feeding he simply
 has to open his great mouth and swim forward
 until it is filled with water and "swim" or "bit"
 when he closes it up and ejects the water through
 the spout holes on the top of his head (which are

ingeniously contrived are the exact shape of the holes in the sounding board of a violin. The hair filament that lines the mouth, acting as a strainer to retain the food which is then swallowed by suction. This description looks a little misty but by reading over several times the reader can understand it. The men who had went after the cutting gear returned in due time and cutting in, as it is called commenced.

A fluke chain was passed over its great tail and made fast to the ice by ice hooks. Then a hole was cut through its nose and a small tackle inserted which was also made fast to ice hooks back on the ice. The fluke chain and tackle both being fast in such a way as to allow the great carcass of the whale to be rolled over. Next the tackle blocks were made fast to one of its fins and as the men hauled on the falls the officers with long handled cutting spades unjointed the fin and it was hauled on to the ice, it measured nine feet long and six feet wide. Then they

commenced at the spout holes to pull the whale as a woodsman would a tree. Making a strip four feet wide going round and around, turning the carcass as they go until the fluke is reached. Next comes the great head first the keel or ridge bone is jointed, and great care is exercised in getting it out on the ice as not to injure the whale bone. Our whale was estimated at 100 Barrels so according to that this keel should contain 500 lbs. black bone, and counting gums, ridge bone &c., its weight would be close to 4000 lbs.

It was finally landed safely, then next came the tongue. Imagine 5 or 6 feather beds piled one on top of another and it would make a small pile compared to it. Old ~~is it~~ that American women had lots of tongue and chuck, but a Greenland whale was away ahead. Mr. Binks informed me that the tongue was only about $\frac{1}{4}$ fat and still a 100 barrel whale's tongue would yield from six to eight barrels oil. Next came one lip. Whales of this latitude have no lower jaw but the lips shut

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upward over the whale bone, and of this whale
were about fifteen feet long and from twelve
inches to twelve feet wide. After lips had been
landed nothing more remained of any value for
oil as the carcass is never opened, the oil all being
in the blubber between the skin and flesh. The
blubber was 6 to 12 inches in thickness and the
skin one inch. As we were strong handed the blub-
ber and fins and bone were hauled to the Island
as fast as cut in, there to be equally divided between
the five ships, as we are all co-partners until the ships
are free of the ice. The cutting gear was then loaded
together with the boats taken back, but the carcass
was left fast to the floor edge, as on the morrow we
intend to cut out some fresh meat. Then we got
to camp it was mid night but plenty light to do any
kind of work. May 22d. This morning bright and
early the natives came down from the ships to get
fresh meat from the carcass of yesterday's whale.
They cut out tons of it and hauled to the Island.
The meat is very coarse grained of dark red color, and

tastes very good cooked, but Lishu in its raw state.

A gale has commenced from the southeast and the pack ice will soon ^{be} blown this way again. We lowered our boats in the afternoon but the sea became so rough that our cruise was short. By six o'clock all the boats were on their way to the - and again. May 23d. - Pack ice jammed solid against the floe ice, no water in sight from look-out on highest point of the island. Today the Captain divided the blubber. It was first cut into "rauc", Lishu six inches wide and from twelve to eighteen inches long. Then they took a barrel which was filled, and emptied into heaps until all had been divided, our share after running it through the mincing machine which cuts it into slices filled seven casks of six barrels each. May 25th. - 6 degrees above zero. Pack still in. About noon a fierce snow storm set in and all hands were keeping close to tents. Some of the men are commencing to complain of sore eyes. It is those who would only wear goggles when an officer was near and



discard them as soon as his back was turned.

May 29th. - 10 degrees below zero. It is so cold that we keep around the stove all the time. Some with furs on. Snow blindness is developing fast. Mr. Hinkes went up to the ship to get eye water to use on our men. June 1st. - Thermometer at zero. Pack still in. The 15-boat crews containing 90 men one-third are down with snow blindness, their eyes are shut and much inflamed, "Thompson eye-water" is ⁱⁿ good demand and I am playing doctor.

June 2nd. - 15 degrees above zero. The well men of the Black Eagle and George and Mary, took their blubber up to the ships today and tried it out, they each got 22 barrels of oil which makes the whale a 110 barrel one. We will not try ours out yet as we do not want to grease up the ship for such a small quantity. June 7th. - 12 degrees above zero. Pack still in, although we have nice weather the wind must change before the pack will go out into the Bay.

Some of the crew are at the ship getting the snow cleared from the deck. I am left on the Island

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with my eye-water patients, some of whom want me to administer "Paddy's eye-water" instead of "Thompsons." June 9th. - This is my birth day and Mr. Taylor presented me with a beautiful pair of "leather spurs" a very useful article in this country at the present time. June 13th. - 6 degrees below freezing. All hands at the ship getting in salt water for ballast and send in reef masts and yards getting ready to get out of winter quarters as soon as possible. Other ships of the fleet are also busy. Scurvy patients are now able to do some work. No lives were lost in Depot Harbor this winter by the lead disease. June 16th. - The thermometer above freezing today. The first time in nine months.

The Esquimaux are moving ashore and putting up skin tents as the snow houses are becoming very damp. The time has now arrived for getting everything in shape for a sudden break-up, as changes in this country come suddenly. Thermometer has changed as much as 40 degrees in twelve hours. June 18th. Thermometer during the day 65 degrees above zero.

The sun is playing havoc with the snow on the ice, making traveling difficult. We hauled from shore and stowed down about 100 barrels of fresh water in the last two days. We hauled from 5 to 17 barrels at a load. June 20th. - New regulations were made today. - As soon as the pack sets out we will lower five boats at a time in four shifts and in good weather there will be boats out all the time. No night now. June 27th. - Floe-edge broke within one mile of the Island to-day. If there does not come a southerly gale soon we will have to saw out a channel to open water. Those who have wintered here before never saw the ice hold as firm at this season of the year, consequently the Captains are getting restless for a long continued flow from across the bay would send over so much pack ice that we might get caught in the harbor for a month yet. June 28th. - The third mate captured an E. land whale to-day. Mr. Taylor of our ship was the lucky one. Ice broke into the outer reef one-fourth mile from 'Geeot and 2 1/2 miles from the ship. June 29th. - This was a day long to be

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remembered by our boat's crew, it came our turn to
start at 5 o'clock A.M. accompanied by the mate, and
other four ships we left the floor of Depot Island and
as the breeze was fair we set sail and stood out into
the Bay. We had sailed about six or eight miles,
all the time keeping a bright lookout for whales,
when the weather commenced getting hazy and we
lost sight of the other boats. Mr. Binks had just said
we would have to tack and run back for the ice, when
sight ahead there was a great commotion in the water
and a great black body rose in the air and came down
on the water with a noise like distant thunder. Mr.
Binks says in a suppressed whisper to the crew, who
had become as wide awake as if an electric current
had passed through the boat. Boys that's our whale;
hear him blow, as the noise as of steam escaping was
heard, now down mast, quietly boy, quietly boy,
the whale was now about 75 or 80 yards from us and
at intervals of about every twenty seconds it would
send the water through its spout holes to the height of
twelve to fifteen feet. Mr. Binks was the only cool man

of the crew, for he knew the whale had not discovered our presence and would possibly stay up for fifteen or twenty minutes until it had filled its lungs with air. Although a whale is considered a fish by the mass of mankind, if you examine their structure you will find they differ only from animals in their means of motion. They are warm blooded, and by means of lungs breathe atmospheric air. They bring forth and suckle their young, and in all the details of their organization they belong to the same class as animals. Mr. Binks gave his orders in a calm voice. Boys, get out your paddles and make no noise; Then to the boatsteward, For aye I am going to put you right onto that fellows back, give him both rows for he is a big one and I want to make sure of him, now paddle boys. The boatsteward took up his harpoon and braced himself for the shock that would come when the boat touched the whale, for it was rolling three or four feet above the water, the balance of the crew bent to the paddles the boat gliding noiselessly nearer and nearer, Mr. Binks standing so as to strike

it about midway between the pins and flukes.

As the boat ran on to its back, Mr. Binks sang out now is your time; give it to him "Bears Hill", (a nickname that Mr. Taylor had given him). As the boat ran onto its back Horace sent the first iron home to the hapt, and also fastened with his second iron before the whale could dive, then as the order rang out, stern all; hold on to your line.

The whale's tail shot up into the air and came down so close that it half filled our boat with water, and with a tremendous surge down he went. Mr. Binks now told Horace to come aft and take charge of the steering oar while he took the place of the boatstewer in the boats bow. If a ton of lead had been attached to our towline and dropped over the bow our line could not have gone out faster. The coil disappeared from the after tub with magical swiftness, almost setting the log-head around which it spun ablaze, the stroke oarsman holding on to the line with a heavy pair of leather mittens and myself throwing water into the line tub to keep it wet, as then the

friction is not so great. Around it spun and out through the lead-lined chocks at the bow almost melting them. The first tub of line which contained 1800 feet disappeared and the second had run out one coil when the line commenced to slacken, now is our time boys, sang out Mr. Binks, round in the line lively he is coming up. We got it in as fast as we could and coiled it into the tube but wet line is hard to handle and before we had more than half of it over-hauled we again heard the splash of hisspout close by us, it was now becoming so misty that we could not ^{see} it although we could tell by the noise it was near. Now Mr. Binks showed the first excitement of the chase his voice rang over the water. Haul in men; haul in, one pound of tobacco for each man in the boat if you put me onto that whale. We did our best and succeeded in running the boat close alongside the whale's head, then commenced the battle royal. Mr. Binks would plunge his lance to the socket into the whale, then would give the command to "stern all," and as the boat shot swiftly backward the

lance would be withdrawn by the warp fast to the boat's bow. The old whalman would quickly haul in his lance and return again to the charge.

While we were pulling backward and forward the whale was rolling and pitching and encircling itself in our tow-line. This is a critical time and requires great presence of mind in an officer, and perfect obedience to his commands by the boat's crew. The instant Mr. Binks would throw his lance his voice would ring out with "stern all", then back we would go, out of the reach of his monster tail or "fluke", which lying horizontally on the water enables it to be very quick in its movements. At last the lance reached a vital spot and the whale commenced its "flurry". Then the order was to pull away a short distance and watch it spouting blood, as it went around in a circle, once it came near running us down and only by the experience of Mr. Binks were we kept from being capsize'd, as it was we got well sprinkled with the dying monster's blood. It was its last effort and in a short time

rolled over on its back dead. We pulled alongside and took a good look at our prize. Mr. Binkes pronounced it about a 180 barrel fellow.

Chap. XIII

Through the excitement attending the capturing of our whale we had not paid much attention to time, course or distance traveled and as the mist had now become a fog we did not know in what direction to go to reach Depot Island, or as Mr. Taylor called it "Beanty Town". It is true we had a compass, but in our more than two hours chase we did not know whether the whale had run north ~~or~~ south. Mr. Binkes said we had traveled at least fifteen miles since first fastening to it, but in what direction he did not know.

We now found ourselves in a quandary. First. We did not know where to go, and second, if we did know the direction we could not tow our whale along. As every boat carries a "fog horn" Mr. Binkes ordered the boat-steward to blow it as it might be possible that some of the other boats were in hearing. After blowing the

horn several times. at short intervals and getting no response we set about getting our towline unwound from the whale's body and letting it recoil in our boat, ^{which we} ~~we~~ ^{then} had a lunch and debated what we had better do, as the fog might last twenty four hours and it might last three or four hours, as we were in a country of sudden changes.

All were in favor of lying by our whale two or three hours, trusting in that time the fog would lift. Every half hour or so the fog horn would be blown, more for amusement than anything else, as we were pretty confident that the other boats had started for home before the Island had been shut from view by the mist. Along about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, just after we had blown our horn we thought we heard an answer. Blow again ordered Mr. Binks and as the signal went out over the water we heard a response. "Sound me the horn" ordered Mr. Binks and such a blast as went out caused us almost to think that Gabriel was sounding the last trump. It was almost instantly answered from out the fog on our lee, but very

unexpectedly, for it was not a fog horn we heard
 but a rifle shot. This set us to thinking as to
 who had answered our signal, as we had no knowledge
 of any of the boats having rifles with them. Next
 we were more mystified than ever by hearing the
 command, "Stand by to lower larboard boat." Then in
 an instant Mr. Finks comprehended the rifle sig-
 nal. It came from the deck of one of the Marble-
 Island fleet. The next instant we heard the rat-
 tle of blocks as the boat was lowered from the stranger.
 Then the well known snick of the oars as the oar-
 men gave way. Toot! toot! went our horn and out of the
 gloom came a whaleboat straight for us. One glance
 at the tall form standing in the stern sheets and of
 went our hats, for we had recognized the tall form of
 our Chief Mate Mr. Chester and we knew that our tender,
 the Helena F., was the vessel that had so unexpectedly,
 but opportunely, come within hearing of our hail. In
 less than half an hour we were all aboard the tender
 and had our prize lashed along side. Captain Chapell
 informed us that we were to the south of the ships

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about fifteen miles and about ten miles off shore and that he would run to midnight and then lay to until the mist would lift. It was now nine months since ^{we} had parted with the tender and since that time we had heard from them twice. One man had died of scurvy and several more had not yet completely recovered from the dread disease. The other ships of the fleet had lost four men and had several unfit for duty. The gale of two weeks ago had broken the ice from about the island and they sawed out a channel from the harbor to open water which was reached on June 20th, since which time they had captured four whales and were on their way up to Depot Harbor to discharge their cargo of blubber, which they estimated to contain 240 barrels of oil, as the tender carried no try-works. June 30. - About 5 o'clock a.m., the sun broke through the mist and from the mast head the ships at Depot Island were sighted. Our course was now laid for the ice off the island. Soon we saw boats in all directions and we soon found that all the boats in the fleet were out searching

